THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.
SEPTEMBER, 1887.

IN THE SPICE ISLANDS.*

In the Eastern seas the flags of France, Spain, and Portugal are still kept flying over possessions, the intrinsic value of which to the mother country is comparatively small, and which attract little attention or interest in the outside world. But the possessions of the Dutch in these seas are on a very different scale. Twice in their short history that indomitable people have established a colonial empire: the first was due to their maritime power, and passed into the hands of the English, their successful maritime rivals; while the existing Netherlands India has been created within the last seventy years, almost unnoticed by the great powers of Europe, among which Holland once held so proud a place. By far the most important and valuable part of Netherlands India is Java, slightly exceeding in superficial area England without Wales, and containing at the last census a population of nearly eighteen millions—four times as great as it had in 1816, when it was restored by the British to the Netherlanders. Many persons regard the surrender of this magnificent island as a piece of reckless folly or quixotic generosity, but it was nothing more than an act of simple justice, and one which Englishmen may remember with unmixed satisfaction. We then restored to Holland, our ally at Waterloo, a colony which had formerly been hers, and which we had recovered from the common foe. The restoration of Java provided the nucleus of a new colonial empire, which has since spread gradually over the whole Malay archipelago, and although the outlying possessions are now governed as mere dependencies of Java, and are still comparatively unproductive

* Abridged from an article by Sir David Wedderburn in the *Fortnightly Review.*

STREET SCENE IN JAVA.

their vast extent and great mineral resources must eventually give them a very high value and importance.

The term "Dutch" is not applied by the Hollanders to them-

selves, their proper designation being "Netherlanders." Isolated in Europe by the fact that their language is spoken by a few millions only, and is little known beyond their own limits, the Netherlanders carry political modesty to excess, and are only too ready to efface themselves, and to take rank as a small nation, almost apologetic for their great Oriental empire. But the modern Batavians possess certain imperial characteristics in common with the two chief nations of conquerors and administrators, the Romans and English; in particular they practise towards the religion of their subjects a policy of complete toleration, thereby obviating what is perhaps the most serious difficulty in governing alien races. Wherever the Portuguese landed in the East they at once proceeded to build a church; when the Dutch came they established a factory. The Portuguese churches are now picturesque ruins overgrown with tropical vegetation; but the Dutch factories, like those of our own East India Company, have developed into an empire. When the Hollanders wrested from the Portuguese the command of the Eastern seas, they substituted for the Holy Inquisition and Jesuit propaganda a system of complete religious impartiality, from which they have reaped no small advantage —originally as mere traders, subsequently as rulers of a powerful State. The population is divided into two classes, very unequal in numbers: (1) Europeans, including other Christians, and numbering only a few thousands—these are subject to European jurisdiction only; (2) islanders or natives, including all Mussulmans and heathens, such as Buddhists or Hindoos, and numbering more than twenty-four millions.

In Dutch India the principle of governing with the aid of native co-operation is carried out with respect to all the Asiatic races; and in this matter the British Indian authorities might learn a useful lesson. In the minds of the Hollanders the name of "India" does not denote Hindostan especially, but includes also the whole of the great Malay archipelago; and they are always careful to use the terms "British" or "Continental" India when they wish to distinguish our dominions from their own insular empire, to which has been given the appropriate name of "Insulinde" (Island India).

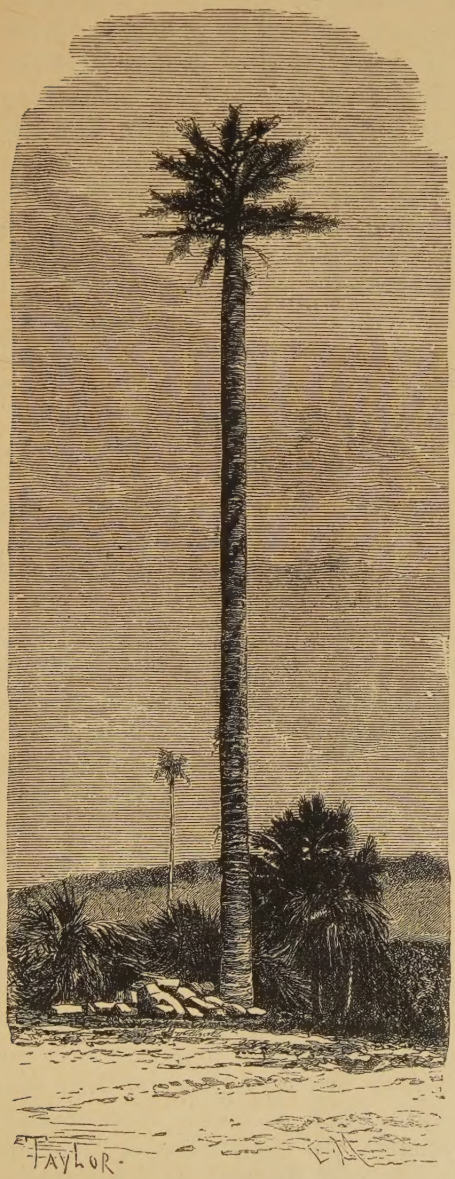
There are in the world only two States which are constitutional at home and imperial abroad; and those two are Great Britain and the Netherlands. The spectacle of a free European nation ruling with beneficent despotism over a subject Asiatic

population, nearly seven times as numerous, is exhibited in the first place by England, and is repeated exactly by Holland upon a smaller scale. The dependencies of Java in the East Indies have twelve times her area, and only one-third of her population. Java is now the queen of the archipelago, but she has not a monopoly of fertile soil, nor of mineral wealth, in which last particular she is far surpassed by other islands. When the resources of the vast islands of Borneo, Sumatra, and New Guinea have been developed even partially, Java may lose her exalted pre-eminence, but she will also be relieved from her present burden of paying for the administration of poorer neighbours.

The two nations, English and Dutch, so closely related in blood and language, so long the allied champions of civil and religious liberty, so long also maritime and commercial rivals, are now the only European States ruling over great empires within the tropics. The United Kingdom has far outstripped the United Provinces in population and power, and the two countries have long ago ceased to be rivals; but Holland continues to play her part bravely on the world's stage, and in proportion to her natural resources administers possessions and bears burdens fully equal to those of England. The Dutch have succeeded after an arduous struggle in establishing their complete supremacy in the island of Sumatra, larger than the United Kingdom or Italy, where Atjeh (Acheen) was the last remaining native state of importance. But Great Britain can feel neither alarm nor jealousy at the successful progress of the Netherlands, a smaller epitome of herself.

The two special characteristics of Dutch administration in Java are the culture system, and the employment of native chiefs in the public service. The culture system required the compulsory cultivation by the people of certain valuable products, to be delivered at a low fixed price to the government, which sold them in Europe at an enormous profit. The products so cultivated were those calculated to command the highest prices in the home market, and included originally coffee, sugar, tea, tobacco, indigo, pepper, and cochineal. After a time it was found expedient to limit the employment of forced labour to the cultivation of coffee and sugar only. The profits made by the government upon this system are so great, that two-thirds of the Java revenue is annually derived from the sale of colonial produce. Formerly the coffee which each cultivator

was bound to deliver was all grown upon special plots of public land, often at a distance from the village, to the great inconvenience of the people. Now the government coffee is chiefly cultivated by each man at his own door, within the village limits, and as the fixed price payable on delivery has been considerably raised, little pressure is necessary in order to insure the cultivation; indeed, I was assured by one of the principal Dutch coffee-planters, that a slight additional increase in price would fairly compensate the villager. The material condition of the Javanese peasant has improved under the culture system, which involves no serious hardship in its present modified form; he is obliged to work, no doubt, when he would prefer to be dozing; but he obtains with little trouble a crop which enables him to clear off all his government dues. He has a sure market for his coffee, and although the price fixed may be rather low, it is payable on delivery; whereas if he were free to dispose of his crop as he pleased, it might be discounted and made over, before it was gathered, to the Chinese



PALM TREES, JAVA.

money-lenders, to whom the Javanese is only too ready to mortgage his future earnings.

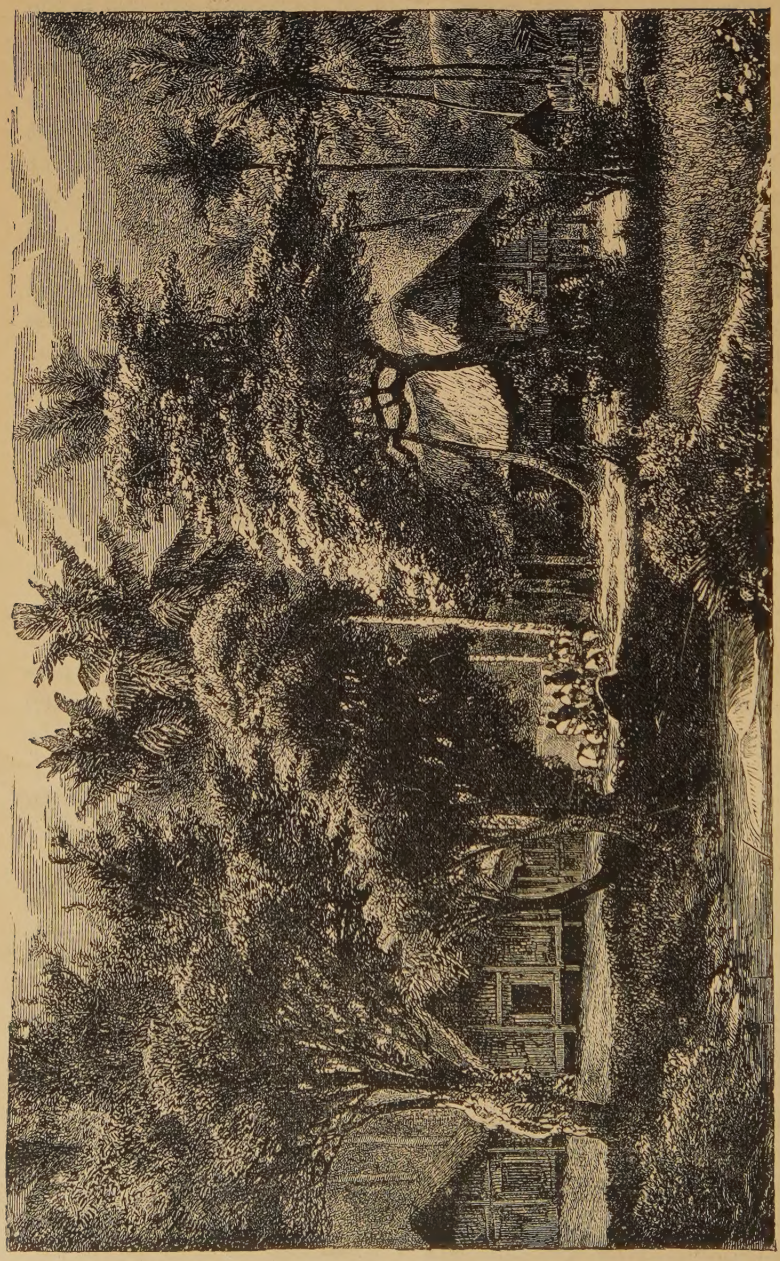
Although salt and opium are the only government monopolies recognized by the Dutch in Java, the culture system has given them, for more than forty years, a practical monopoly of the most valuable colonial products, and has been the mainspring of their financial prosperity. The title of resident, which is borne by the principal Dutch official in each province, remains unaltered from the time when it was used to denote a representative of the European paramount power at the court of a native prince. A province or residency, containing on an average nearly a million of inhabitants, is divided into several regencies, each of which is governed by a native regent, having under him a host of minor officials. In each regency is stationed a European assistant resident, whose instructions are to treat the regent with the consideration due from an "elder brother" towards a "younger," and who has under him a certain number of European *kontroleurs*.

The advantages claimed for this system are that it supplies public servants thoroughly known by and knowing the people, they being controlled in their turn by men of high culture, with European ideas of justice and public duty.

The Dutch for their part have been content to govern their subjects in accordance with native ideas, and in making their Oriental conquests have talked very little about the duty of a great Christian nation to convert and civilize ignorant barbarians. They have made no attempt to introduce a national system of education, they even discourage the study of Dutch and other European languages, and they do not profess to regard a native as in any way a political equal. But if their ideal of government is not very exalted, they have fairly fulfilled it, such as it is. They have given to Java peace, prosperity, and religious toleration, with security of person and property; and after paying for the maintenance of all these blessings, they consider themselves entitled to appropriate to their own uses the surplus revenue. They do not pretend to govern Java for the benefit of the Javanese alone, and they claim for their own people a portion of the wealth which they have there created. But it may be doubted whether the trade monopoly, and the favourable balance paid by Java to Holland, do not inflict a greater injury on the enterprise and energy of the home country than on those of the colony itself.

It is laid down in the constitution and regulations of Netherlands India that the special duty of European officials is the protection of the natives, and from the governor-general downwards all are bound by oath to "protect the native population against oppression, ill-treatment, and extortion." This oath is probably not kept by all to the very best of their ability, but at least the charge of pecuniary corruption is not brought against the Dutch Civil Service; this distinguished and honourable body of men being blamed only for lack of energy and courage in denouncing injustice in which they themselves have no share. Still it is the condemnation of the judge when the guilty are absolved, and an omnipotent governor-general must be held responsible for the shortcomings of his subordinates as well as his own.

Mahometanism is the religion professed for three centuries by ninety-nine per cent. of the Javanese, but these centuries have not produced a single edifice or work of art to tell their tale to posterity. Mosques, palaces, and tombs in other lands are the enduring monuments of Mahometan wealth, energy, and architectural skill, but in Java these are wanting alike in beauty of form, richness of material, and solidity of structure. This is especially remarkable in the case of imperial and royal tombs, which are in Hindostan the most magnificent and permanent of all Mussulman edifices, and in Java are mere wooden booths, without painting, carving, or any other decoration. In moist tropical climates the most formidable destroyer of buildings is the vegetation, which forces asunder and throws down the largest blocks of masonry, and has inflicted no little damage upon the Hindoo ruins of Java; most literally does "the wild fig-tree split their monstrous idols." Dutchmen do not exhibit the same energy as Englishmen in exploring or discovering picturesque and interesting localities, and are wonderfully fond of the steamy flats near the sea, to the neglect of hill sanitaria. The European troops are quartered principally in the low country, and the splendid military hospital of Batavia loses half its utility from not being at an elevation of three thousand feet above the sea, which in so moist a climate is considered to be the most salubrious height. The present war minister is in favour of following the British example, and transferring a larger proportion of the Europeans to inland stations; but it is clear that Netherlanders have a weakness for level plains and canals, which remind them of home.



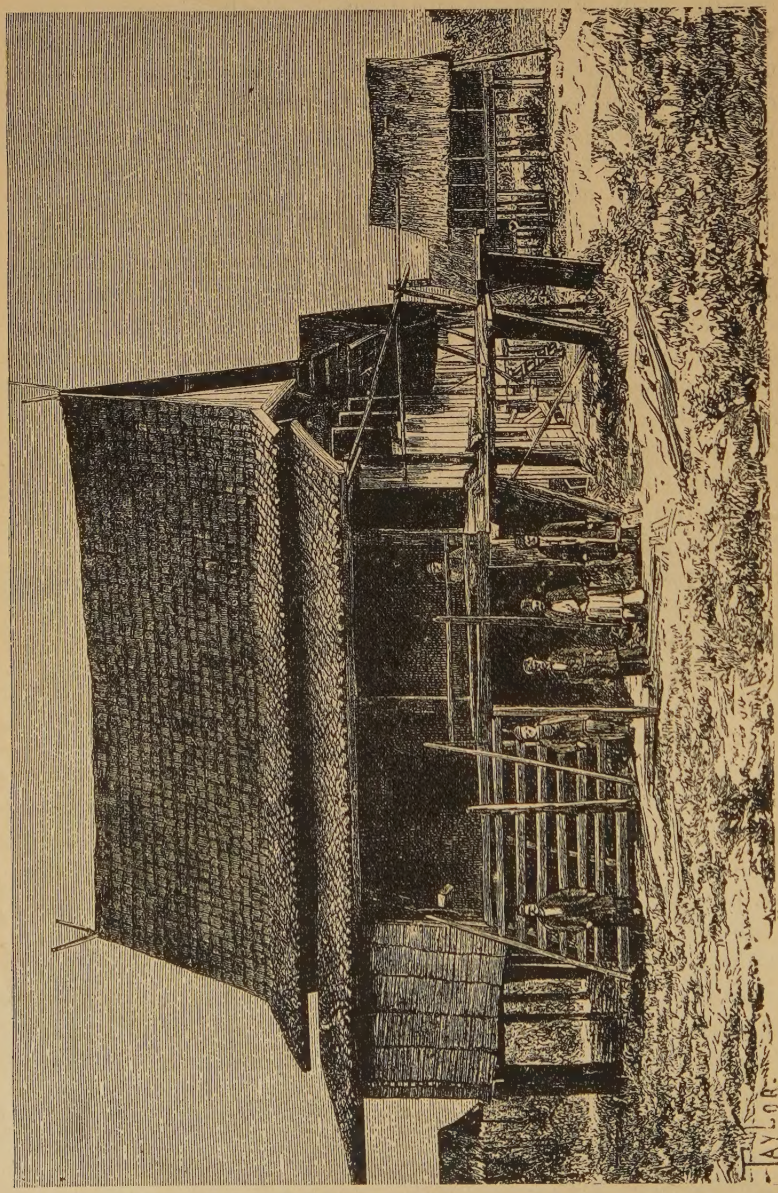
A Village, Java.

The Mahometan religion is professed by the Javanese; but the spirit of Islam has failed to take possession of this race, and the stranger in Java is astonished at the absence of outward and visible signs to indicate the popular faith of the country. In the centre of every town or large village is the *aloen-aloen*, an extensive grassy lawn, shaded with lofty tamarind trees, and surrounded by the principal buildings, public and private, of the place. Among these is always conspicuous a pagoda-like edifice, which is the mosque; but few and far between are the worshippers there, while the public performance of devotional exercises, at fixed hours, irrespective of locality, a spectacle so familiar to the traveller in other Mahometan countries, is not practised by the Javanese. The only religious observance witnessed by us among the peasantry was the presentation of coins and flowers as offerings to certain Hindoo idols, relics of the ancient faith, still occupying niches in the ruined temples of Brambanan. The Mussulman priest is an important functionary, and is recognized as such by the Dutch authorities, but less in a religious than in a civil capacity, as the learned expounder of Mahometan law. A certain number of pilgrims proceed from Java to Mecca, and the white turban of a hadji may be seen here and there in the streets among the lacquered and gaily painted hats of Sunda or the peaked caps worn by the Javanese proper, but the probability is that it encircles the head of a Malay or an Arab. Some of the regents are said to be zealous followers of the prophet, and strong objections are entertained by them against the admittance of unbelievers into mosques; but it must be remembered that the conquerors who introduced Mahometanism into Java were of Malay race, and that many of the present chiefs are descended from those fierce and fanatical vikings of the equator.

Travelling in the interior of Java is particularly agreeable; the roads are good, ponies are abundant, and light vehicles for posting are easily obtained. At all places of importance there are comfortable hotels, kept by Europeans and subsidized by government. Without a subsidy such hotels could not possibly be maintained, as they are not used by the natives, and European travellers are rare. The Dutch officials, moreover, have the hospitable habits of Europeans in the East, so that it is not easy to see how the hotel-keepers make a living; yet they seem to flourish.

The light posting carriages are drawn by four ponies, which

are changed frequently, and keep up an excellent pace where the road is tolerably level. At the hills, bullocks or buffaloes



NATIVE DWELLING, JAVA.

are harnessed as leaders, and frequently, where the road descends into a deep ravine, the horses are removed, and a small army of men and boys with ropes attach themselves to the

carriage, lowering it into the valley, and hauling it up again on the opposite side. The scenery is beautiful and varied, the people and their dwellings are most picturesque, and the total absence of caste enables a stranger, without fear of giving offence, to enter any of the numerous shops and refreshment houses, and partake, along with the natives, of fruit, sweetmeats, coffee, and various refreshing but not inebriating drinks. Everywhere around (especially in Sunda or western Java) eye and ear are refreshed by the sight of fresh verdure and the sound of rushing streams; those who know what it is to ride all day under a vertical sun, without a blade of grass or a drop of water being visible for miles in any direction, can best appreciate the charm of driving along a good road with four stout Makassar ponies through this lovely garden of the tropics.

In order fully to appreciate the scenery and vegetation of Java it is well to ascend one of the volcanic cones in the western portion of the islands, such as the Pangerango Mountain, where an elevation of ten thousand feet can be attained, and which presents a variety of botanical attractions such as can hardly be seen elsewhere. Down the steep slopes tumble many streams, their temperature varying between the boiling point and icy coldness, and in the tepid spray of the hot cascades tree-ferns attain their greatest size, rivalling tall palms in height, and excelling them in the gracefulness of their feathery fronds. Near the top of the mountain trees diminish in size, but the undergrowth is still so thick that it is almost impossible to leave the path. The crater on the highest peak is extinct and overgrown with vegetation, but clouds of mephitic vapour rise from a huge crater somewhat lower, and spread desolation around; when the volcano is active, these vapours reduce large tracts of forest to blackened skeletons, but nature soon repairs her own ravages in a climate like that of Sunda. Animals are rarely heard and yet more rarely seen in these dense jungles, but occasionally a troop of large monkeys may leap crashing from tree to tree, or a great hornbill may fly overhead on creaking wings. Large game, in the shape of rhinoceros, tiger, deer, wild bull and wild boars, is indeed abundant in the forests of Java, but is not easily dislodged in such cover, and tigers are more frequently destroyed with poison than in any other manner. Wild pigs do much damage in the rice-fields, and the villagers use for scaring them an ingenious mechanical contrivance, which is worked by the water-power used in irrigation.

Java is in perfection just after the rains, during the months of April and May, when the whole country, from the smoking craters of the interior to the swamps of the seacoast, is clothed with a vegetation so luxuriant that the ruddy colour of the volcanic soil is only visible where a recent landslip has occurred. In plain and valley every square yard of soil, except the village burial-ground, is cultivated and irrigated; magnificent crops of sugar-cane, rice, and indigo form a sea of verdure, out of which rise like islands numberless groves of bamboos, cocoanut palms, and fruit-trees. Concealed in these groves are the *dessas*, or native villages, and under their shade is usually cultivated the coffee, which "pays the rent." Some of the lower ranges have been denuded of trees, and display a certain amount of open pasture, but as a rule the mountains are covered with virgin forest, except where clearings have been made for plantations of tea, coffee, or cinchona. High above this fair scene a faint white cloud may be seen curling upwards from the apex of a lofty cone, indicating the volcanic energy that now slumbers beneath, but has broken out violently even within the last few years, and may do so again at any moment.

It may be asked whether the geological condition of Java is not a symbol of its political state, and whether a fair surface does not cover hidden fires in the hearts of the Javanese people. It may be so, but not even a faint white cloud is visible to warn the stranger that such hidden fires exist. Everything externally is tranquil, and in the absence of all means of coercion, tranquillity may be accepted as a fair evidence of contentment. The productiveness of the country appears to keep pace with the increasing population. The wants of the masses in all tropical countries are few and simple, and in Java these are amply supplied. Besides, the Javanese are a gentle and submissive race, unaccustomed to the use of firearms, and could never be formidable as insurgents in a military sense Without pretending to investigate the inward desires or aspirations of the Javanese, and judging solely from external facts, I believe that the Dutch sovereignty is about as popular and as secure as the rule of a few aliens over a great subject population can ever be made, and that the country flourishes under it as well as a subject country can ever be expected to do.

On the approach of a superior it is incumbent on all natives to remove their hats, to dismount if on horseback, and if on foot to sit down upon the ground; those who wish to be par-

NATIVE BRIDGE, JAVA.

ticularly respectful will even turn their backs upon the great man, as if afraid to look him in the face. When the golden umbrella of the Dutch president passes along a crowded street, denoting the presence of the highest official of the province, a

very singular effect is produced, the people sinking down before this conspicuous badge of office, and rising again behind it, like a field of ripe corn in a breeze. The Dutch authorities demand honour and precedence for themselves and other Europeans, but they also set an admirable example of urbanity and even of friendliness in general intercourse with natives. The absence of caste prejudice and religious fanaticism among the Javanese permits a considerable amount of sociability to arise between the two races, and the tone adopted by Europeans towards natives in Java is remarkably devoid of the arrogance and irritability by which in other countries it is too often characterized. It is a very unusual thing for a white man to strike or even to menace a native, and acts of violence, when they do occur, are severely punished.

Perhaps the good-temper and urbanity characteristic of the Dutch in Java may be due partly to the general adaptation of their mode of life to the climate, in which respect they are more successful than our own countrymen, although they decline to adopt the *punkah*. They rise early, and until the meal known as *rijst-tafel*, which takes place about midday, it is customary to appear in dresses adopted from the natives, and fashioned of the lightest and coolest materials in various colours. The dress of the ladies consists usually of a gaily-coloured skirt and a white jacket, with slippered feet, and hair hanging loose or tied in a knot at the back of the head; and very becoming it is, as well as comfortable and cool. If the tight and multifarious garments of Europe have been assumed during the morning, they are again discarded for the afternoon siesta. Until the cool of the evening no one is visible, and if an inexperienced stranger should attempt an afternoon visit, he will inevitably be received with the announcement, "*Tidoer*" (asleep). After sunset, refreshed with a bath and dressed in correct European costume, but without hats, ladies and gentlemen sally forth, driving and walking, this being the fashionable time for paying visits, which may, however, be postponed until after dinner. Should there happen to be moonlight, a drive may be taken even as late as midnight, or there may be an open-air concert in the grounds of a club, where the friends and families of the members are made welcome.

Planters of tea or coffee in the hill country of Java have as agreeable a calling as any set of men that I have come across, and it would indeed be difficult to find any more kindly and

hospitable, or more contented with the lot which has fallen unto them in such pleasant places. They lead active, independent lives, with continuous but not laborious occupation, being able at almost any season to take a holiday for the sake of sport, society, or change of scene. The climate at high elevations is the most favourable to quality in coffee and tea, although heavier crops can be grown in the low country; and the same climate allows Europeans to keep their children around them, and to bring up the youngsters as well educated, as merry, and almost as rosy, as if the peaks towering above them were the snowy Alps, and not the fiery Merapi or Gedeh. Labour can be obtained at moderate rates, while excellent roads and bridges facilitate the conveyance of produce to market. The Javanese are a solemn and silent race, even as children, and it is pleasant to see their faces light up at the approach of the master of the plantation, as he passes along with a kindly word or a smile, ready to give a patient hearing to any desirous of addressing him. Joyous cries of "*Toean! toean!*" (master) from the children furnish a tribute of popularity which is above suspicion; and upon one plantation, where we spent several pleasant days, even the absurd tameness of every sort of animal testifies to the rule of kindness governing the whole establishment.

The peculiar form of the island, and the easy communication by sea between the great centres of population, renders an elaborate railway system unnecessary in Java, either for military or commercial purposes. Railroads have been constructed, running from the principal ports on the northern coast into the interior of the island.

Beyond all tropical countries, Java seems to attract the love and admiration of strangers settling upon her shores, who speak of her as "*nôtre Java bien-aimé*," and are fond of describing her as "the finest island in the world." Swiss mountaineers are at one with lowlanders of Holland upon this subject, and even islanders from Britain can hardly express dissent.

PRECIOUS faith our God hath given; rich in faith is rich indeed!
Fire-tried gold from His own treasury, fully meeting every need:
Channel of His grace abounding; bringing peace and joy and light
Purifying, overcoming; linking weakness with his might.

IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE ROARING FORTIES.

BY LADY BRASSEY.

IX.

DIVING FOR GORGONIAS.

Wednesday, November 21*st*.—In the course of the night the mail-steamer arrived from New York; but owing to her deep draught she was obliged to anchor outside. The passengers were being landed about seven o'clock in the morning, just as

we started for what is called the Aquarium. It was a bright sunny morning, and Sampson appeared in his smartest of garments. We sped swiftly away before the favouring gale.

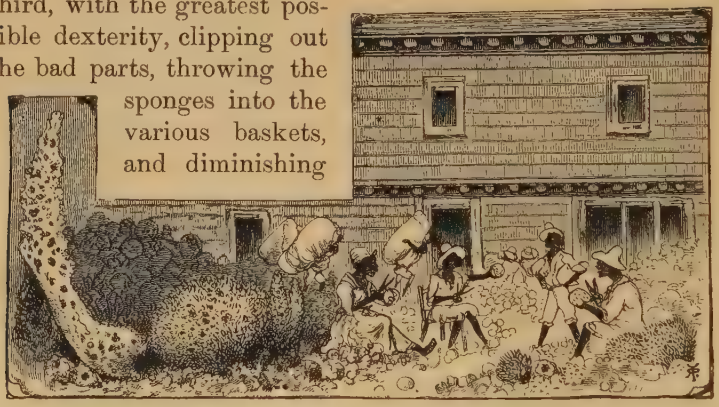
We were not long in stretching across to "the Fairy Ship," as Sampson calls the remains of an old lime-laden schooner, which was wrecked in the fair-way and was afterwards towed across the channel to where she sank and now lies. One by one we all went out in the very small leaky dinghy with Sampson and Buddy, in order to row exactly over the spot which the fish seemed specially to frequent, round one of the masts of the sunken vessel. But although the bottom of the ocean was, one might almost say, paved with what to us appeared rare shells of great beauty and brilliant colour, besides being orna-

Ship Railway and Wreck.

mented by numerous algæ and gorgonias and animated by the presence of many brilliant-hued fish, the scene altogether was not so enchanting as that of yesterday. We next went to another old wreck known as "the Aquarium," where we saw exactly the same kind of fish as before, only if possible in greater numbers and variety of colour.

We went ashore at twelve to meet the Governor, who had promised to take us to see Messrs. Sawyer's sponge-yard, which is justly considered to be one of the most interesting objects of the place, and which is among the most extensive in the Bahamas. There were sponges everywhere; sponges enough, of every variety, quality, size, and shape, to please the fancy and meet the washing requirements of the whole world; all

lying piled up in great heaps about the wharf. There were warehouses full of sponges that were still unsorted, and great bins full of those that were sorted. Many men—mostly negroes—were busily occupied in clipping, cutting, and separating the different varieties. Some men have a specialty for the last-named branch of the occupation, and divide "sheep's wool" and "velvet," or any other kind, into qualities first, second, or third, with the greatest possible dexterity, clipping out the bad parts, throwing the sponges into the various baskets, and diminishing



Sponge-Yard.

the large pile from which they are sorting in a marvellously short space of time. The Bahama sponges, though excellent in quality, are not so good as those of the Mediterranean; but, I believe, a scheme has now been devised for taking cuttings of the best species of Mediterranean sponges, transplanting them to these waters, and grafting them on to the existing roots.*

From the sponge-wharf we proceeded to the establishment

*The value of the sponges exported in 1882 and 1883 was £60,000. The American consul at Nassau, in a recent official report, states that "the sponge trade gives employment to several thousands of persons and some hundreds of vessels, the sponges being divided into coarse and fine, of which the former brings about $5 per cwt., and the latter double that sum. The boats employed in sponging are small, with crews of from six to twelve men. About six weeks' provisions are taken on board, and the vessels then coast along the banks and reefs, where the water is shallow and generally so clear that the sponges are readily seen. They are brought to the surface by hooked poles, or sometimes by diving. When first drawn from the water they are covered with a soft gelatinous substance as black as tar and full of organic life: the sponge, as we know, being only the skeleton of the organism. The day's catch is spread out on the deck, so as to kill the mass of animal life, which in expiring emits a most unpleasant odour. Then the spongers go ashore and build a pen, or 'crawl,' of stakes,

of Messrs. Johnson, to see the process of preparing pine-apples for exportation. The price paid by the export-merchants for the fruit is a shilling a dozen, delivered on the wharf, or one shilling and sixpence for the finest selected pines suitable for the English market. These last are preserved whole in syrup, in extra large tins, hermetically sealed. From seventy-five to one hundred cargoes of pine-apples are shipped from April to July; and as an average cargo consists of at least 40,000 pine-apples, the total number exported during the season amounts to between four and five millions. During the season, as many as 25,000 pine-apples are cooked and sealed up in tins every day in Mr. Johnson's factory alone, the total number of cans prepared in the course of the year varying from 200,000 to 250,000.

From the pine-apple yard we went to the library, once the jail, where captured pirates and buccaneers were formerly confined, and where they doubtless suffered countless miseries. It is a curious octagonal building, with eight little recesses jutting out of the central hall—so to speak—which, from its peculiar shape, is admirably well adapted for a general reading-room. Originally the cells of criminals, these recesses, with their large windows overlooking the green parade ground, now form a series of charming retreats for the bookworm. In the grounds outside the library is the huge silk-cotton-tree shown in our cut. How glorious such trees must be in Abyssinia and in the South of Africa, where they rear their giant stems to a height of 100 and 150 feet, without a single break.

To-day and yesterday have been busy days for everybody on board; all hands having been hard at work stowing our beautiful "white wings," shifting our light sails, and substituting the old booms and storm-stained, weather-beaten canvas,

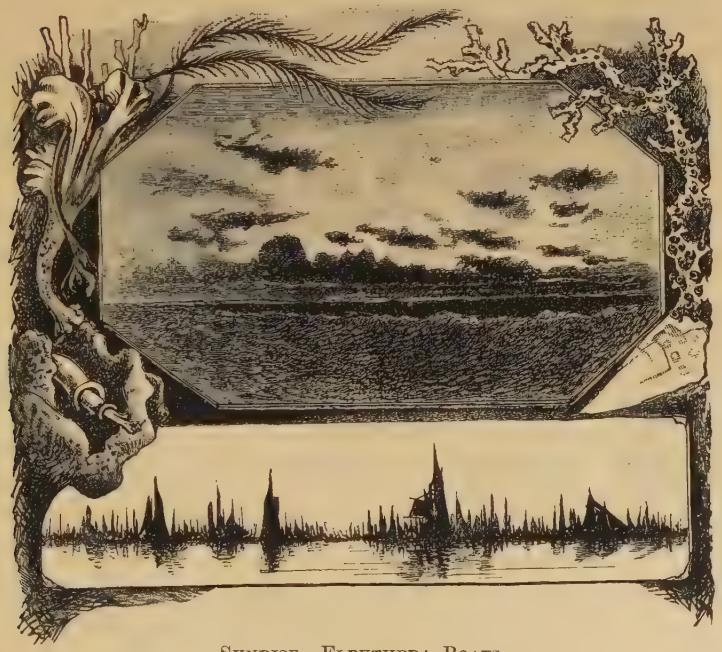
close to the water's edge, so that the action of the tide may wash away the black covering; the process being aided by pounding the sponges with sticks. As soon as this operation is completed, the sponges are strung upon small palmetto strips, three or four to a strip, which is called a 'bead;' after which they are taken to Nassau to be sold in the sponge market, under certain conditions and regulations: nobody being allowed to sell his cargo otherwise than through this sponge-exchange. On the conclusion of the sale the sponges are taken to the packing-yard, where they are sorted, clipped, soaked in tubs of lime-water, and spread out to dry in the sun. They are then pressed by machinery into bales, containing one hundred pounds each, and in this state are shipped to England or the United States, the latter of which countries has become of late years almost the largest consumer of Bahama sponges."

which has braved many a tempest and many a gale, and making prudent preparation for our voyage across the Atlantic. About half-past three our guests began to put in an appearance and continued to arrive in a continuous stream for more than an hour. Sir Charles and Lady Lees were most kind, standing near the gangway and introducing the visitors to me as they came on board. Many of them brought me fragrant flowers and lovely shells, some of which were of kinds which I had never seen before. We had arranged to sail at six o'clock, and shortly before that time the last of our guests had departed.

Silk Cotton Tree.

Directly everybody was gone, preparations for our voyage were continued, and every precaution was taken against the worst weather that we could expect to encounter. It was nearly midnight before we steamed out of the pretty, shallow little harbour of Nassau. At nine next morning, Tom called me and invited me to go on to the top of the deck-house to see the "Hole-in-the-Wall," with the lighthouse called by the same name, on the Island of Abaco. The appearance of the natural arch in the rock is curious; and under some conditions of light must doubtless be very beautiful, particularly in the sunset, when the glowing tints of a semi-tropical sky completely fill up the background. Every morning, at sunrise, a fleet of upwards of two hundred boats spreads its wings to the trade-winds and

wafts eight hundred men and boys of every shade of colour to the beach and cocoa-nut groves of Eleuthera, two miles away, to cultivate the flame-coloured, scarlet-spiked fruit. The finest and largest of the pines, weighing from five to seven pounds, can be bought on the spot for one penny each. About twelve years ago a picnic party were lunching at a beautiful place called "Glass Window," where there is a curious and perfect arch of limestone, from the centre of which a plumb-line can be dropped into the sea a distance of 85 feet. Suddenly, without any warning, a great tidal-wave came rushing in from



Sunrise—Eleuthera Boats.

the ocean, dashing up under the arch, and sweeping some of the party to destruction; while others were almost miraculously saved.

Ere long the islands rapidly became more and more indistinct, the last object that we could clearly distinguish being the Elbow Light, on Great Abaco. Soon even that faded away into blue mist, which, in its turn, disappeared. So ended our all too short visit to the Isles of Summer; and for the present our remembrance of the delightful Bahamas must be placed in one of the many pigeon-holes of the past, to be a joy in the future.

Friday, November 23*rd.*—All through yesterday and to-day we have been passing through great quantities of sargasso-weed; and in the course of the afternoon large masses of it were seen floating about. We got a good deal on board with boat-hooks and nets, and found that the specimens which we had collected comprised four distinct varieties, differing widely in their manner of growth, but all having little sprouts which were visible above the surface of the sea, and each of which produced its own independent growth. Many of the bunches which we picked up were covered with small parasites of various kinds, and with tiny shells. One variety has rather fine leaves, while its berries grow in tiny clusters, with little tendrils hanging from them, like grapes on a vine; whence it derives one of its names, that of sea-grape.

Tuesday, November 27*th.*—About 1.30 a.m. I was aroused by a considerable noise on deck, which I found arose from the fact of the wind having at last shifted and come fresh and fair. The order to cease steaming was given, and all sails but the mainsail were rapidly set. At 3.45 a.m. the engines were stopped, and by 4.15 we were bowling along under canvas, with a heavy sea and a long swell from the S.E. By 7 it was blowing stiff, and we housed top-masts, and took two reefs in mizzen-sail

At 8 the wind had increased to a hard gale; and we had two down in fore and main-sails. At 9 it had become a real reefs heavy gale—a regular "Norther," as we then thought it. As hour after hour passed, Tom reluctantly came to the conclusion that it was not so much a Norther which we were encountering as a very heavy circular storm—a kind of cyclone in fact. As the wind was ever increasing in force, it was becoming a very serious matter, and most important to keep our little vessel as far away from the centre of the hurly-burly as possible. Here came in to good advantage Tom's knowledge of the law of storms. The chief points to be remembered are briefly these:—If you are caught in a circular storm, you face the wind and have the centre of the storm at right angles to the point from which the wind is blowing—that is to say, eight points of the compass on your right. The centre of disturbance being known, you have only to shape your course accordingly, and steer so as to get slowly to the edge of the storm, which is also passing over you.

In the height of the storm we made sometimes about two knots; but we were virtually hove-to with top-masts housed, everything battened down, canvas tightly lashed over all doors and skylights, and openings of every kind, boats and spare spars covered with canvas and firmly secured to the deck. When all this was done there was nothing for it but to watch the wind and weather, and hope and pray for the best; check the steering carefully, and perpetually think of some little thing or another, which would if possible make certainty more sure, and improve our chance of ultimate safety.

It was very dark and not very cheery down below, as may be imagined, though wonderfully comfortable, considering how the wind was roaring and the waves raging. Not a drop of water came into the cabins, nor was there a single leak anywhere in the decks; which fact is, I think, very remarkable, considering that the *Sunbeam* has been in hot climates without intermission for two years. I can assure you that steering is no easy matter on a day like this, and that it requires the utmost vigilance, judgment, and attention. In one of the sudden lurches, all the watch—who were engaged in taking another reef in the mainsail—were violently flung from one side of the deck to the other. They were all considerably bruised. It was a work of great difficulty to move about at all; but, well enveloped in mackintoshes, and securely fixed to a

seat, it was terribly grand to see the huge tops of the waves, rising high above our heads, and threatening every moment to engulf us; but just when that result seemed inevitable, our gallant little craft would give a fearful lurch to leeward, presenting a high bold side to the wave, and then rise up on the top of the next wave, shaking the spray from her rigging and sides like a Nereid rising from her bath.

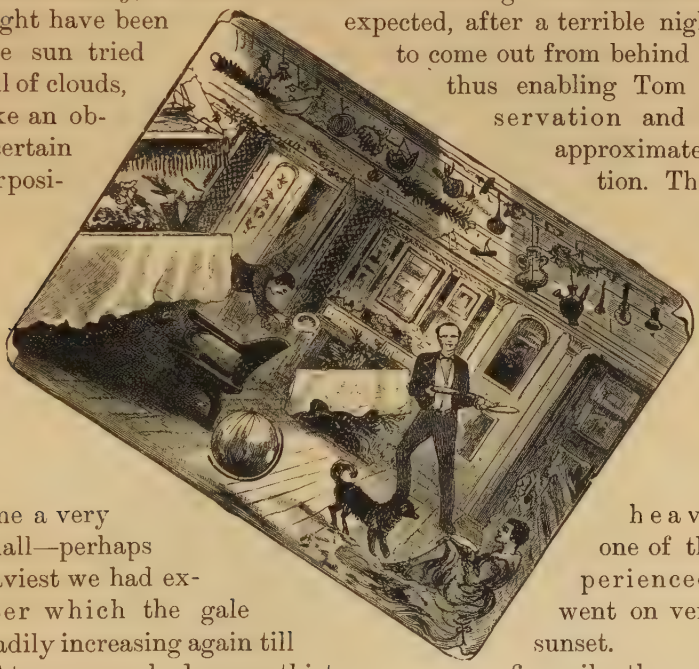
I know nothing that makes one feel one's own littleness and the greatness of the Creator so much as a big storm at sea. Man is so utterly powerless against it. All his most cunning contrivances and carefully conceived precautions are so absolutely futile if the crash does come; for there are some circumstances in which no knowledge of science or ability of command could save the mariner, bravely as he might struggle to do his very best. In an emergency like the present there is nothing to be done but to watch and pray. It is, as a rule, quite impossible to adopt any remedies, or to do much to ameliorate circumstances, after the storm has fairly commenced. As in the parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, the lamps should be filled with oil and trimmed beforehand.

Although we had thus far escaped any serious casualties, lunch and dinner to-day in the saloon were accompanied by a series of small catastrophes. The stewards were too ambitious; and in their zeal and anxiety to please, tried to behave as though the weather were normal, instead of very abnormal. Bare boards have the disadvantage of being very slippery in a gale of wind, as the poor stewards found to their cost; for they slid about in every direction across the saloon, despite all efforts to maintain their equilibrium. Then one of the big terrestrial globes went bounding about the floor; while the swing-tables, which had for some time been tried severely, were now tested to the utmost limits of their capacity for movement. At dinner matters were even worse. How the stewards managed to serve the meal at all—much less how it was cooked—I can scarcely imagine. I think that we should not enjoy the halcyon days of a voyage like this nearly so much, if it were not for the occasional storm and tempest, the contrast of the rough with the smooth.

When I went on deck, or rather peeped through a chink in the companion, just before we were absolutely shut down for the night, all looked sombre and dreary, not a star to be seen, nothing but gloomy and impenetrable darkness:—black sky,

black clouds, and black sea. Taking one lingering last look round before I went below, I could not help wondering, with a feeling of awe, unmixed with fear, whether it would please a merciful Providence to bring us safely to the light of another day, or whether before morning the one vast problem that, more than any other, concerns all men, the great mystery of life and death, time and eternity, would be solved—for *us* at least.

Wednesday, November 28th.—The morning broke better than might have been expected, after a terrible night. The sun tried to come out from behind its veil of clouds, thus enabling Tom to take an observation and to ascertain approximately our position. Then

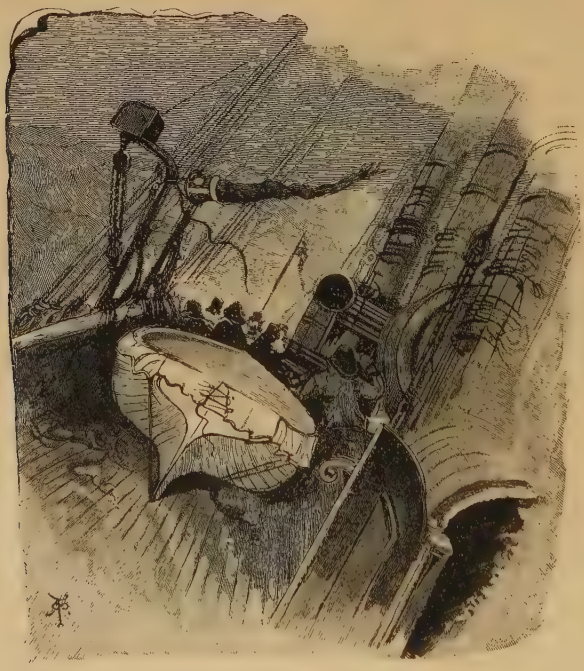


came a very heavy squall—perhaps one of the heaviest we had experienced; after which the gale went on very steadily increasing again till sunset.

At noon we had come thirty-five miles through the water since we were hove-to, and were in lat. 31.47 N., long. 71.4 W. At 3 p.m. we saw a large barque hove-to on the starboard tack, and at five another barque passed astern of us, steering to the southward, under her main-royal only.

Dinner was apparently an impossibility; the guests all sat in a straight row on the floor, with their backs against the side of the vessel, where they could not easily be upset. Perhaps the most comical point was to be found in the absurd angles of inclination assumed by the stewards, whose bodies bent and swayed in every possible direction, in the effort to combine the almost hopeless endeavour to offer dishes gracefully at arms' length, with the effort to preserve something like equilibrium.

Thursday, November 29th.—Another bad day ; wind as strong as ever. I wonder how much longer it will last. Even a storm becomes monotonous after a day or two, notwithstanding the grandeur and sublimity of its effects, and the touch of excitement added by a good deal more than a mere suspicion of danger. The waves were really magnificent to-day, rolling past, mountains high, their tops reflecting the most exquisite green tints, as they caught an occasional stray ray of sunlight before breaking.



Squall—Water on Deck.

Friday, November 30th.—Another awful night, with heavy squalls of wind and rain and pitchy darkness ; the most unearthly yellings and shriekings being audible in the rigging, as the cordage wore and chafed and strained. Towards 8 a.m. the weather improved, and we were able to shake out some reefs and to set the standing jib. In the course of the morning there was a heavy squall, followed by a tremendous crash, and the whole of the head-sails seemed to have come to grief. It was found that the whiskers of the jibboom had been carried away, taking many other things with them. Several of the men went out on

the bowsprit to clear away the wreckage and to try to repair damages; one of whom was nearly lost overboard, the rope on which he was standing giving way beneath his feet just as the *Sunbeam* took it into her head to dip her nose more deeply than usual into the sea. He clung on by his hands; but as the yacht made three heavy plunges in quick succession, he was completely dragged under water and lost to sight each time. His comrades gave him up for lost; but waited in the chains

Braiding in Jeopardy.

for what appeared several minutes—though, perhaps, not more than a few seconds—when, to the joy and relief of all, he reappeared above the surface of the waves. Several strong arms were ready to seize him and to pull him on board, bruised, battered, and almost insensible from the shock and the immersion, but thankful for his merciful preservation from the very jaws of death.

Tom, I need scarcely say, works "like a nigger," and gives himself no rest, day or night; in spite of which, and of his

grave anxiety, he keeps remarkably well; although he is so excessively drowsy at times that he drops off to sleep at the most unexpected moments. The other day he had a merciful escape from a serious accident. He fell asleep at the mast-head, where he spends a great deal of his time; and if it had not been that Kindred wanted to ask him a question about some proposed change in our course, and wondering why he did not come down, went up to speak to him, he would in all human probability have fallen down on to the deck or overboard. It makes one's blood run cold to think of it.

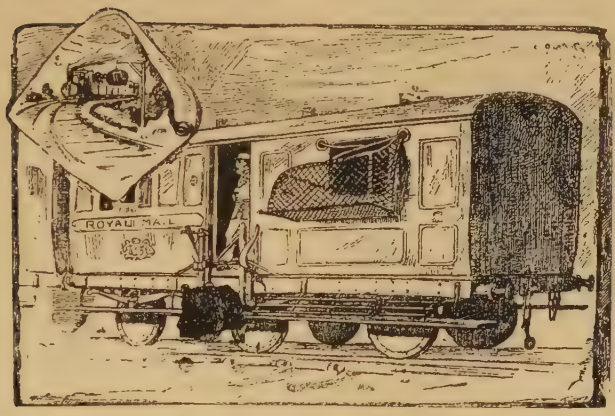
At 3 p.m. a terrible squall struck us suddenly, scarcely any warning having been given of its approach. Everything of the very little there was to let go was sent down by the run; but still we felt a tremendous lurch to leeward, and the yacht seemed almost as if she were struck from above and beaten down into the sea. I never experienced such a sensation before. It was a *mauvais quart-d'heure* altogether; but the rush of the squall was soon over, and in an hour or two the most serious part of the damage was repaired.

Saturday, December 1st.—At 6.40 we saw the sun rise out of the sea, for the first time for many days past; and a gorgeous sight it was. How thankful we felt to behold it, looking bright and beautiful, once more; the sea meanwhile rapidly going down, and everything betokening that the gale was over! Everybody, even the invalids, found their way on deck in the morning, creeping and crawling about, and gradually "pulling themselves together" and becoming quite bright and lively by the afternoon. The crew were busy making good the damages of the last few days.

A Barque at Sunrise.

HER MAJESTY'S MAIL.

BY MISS MAY TWEEDIE.



TRAVELLING POST-OFFICE.

THE most graphic pen, or brilliant imagination, must fail in attempting any adequate picture of the condition of society without the modern post-office. The growth of this institution from the unpretending beginnings of other days to the great and ubiquitous organization which is now the indispensable medium of communication with every portion of the world, is the result of never-ending improvement, during a long series of years.

As our morning letters arrive and are handed in at the breakfast table, speculation arises as to their origin; a well-known hand is recognized, interest is excited by the contents or the well-springs of emotion are opened—joy is brought with the silvered note, or sorrow with the black insignia of death; and thus absorbed in the matter of the letters themselves, no thought is spared to the past and present labour which has given them wings or directed their flight.

Notwithstanding the fact that the post-office is pre-eminently a people's institution, and that from the universality of its operations it becomes familiar to the rich and the poor, the educated and the illiterate, yet its internal management and organization are comparatively unknown.

Though this plain matter-of-fact department is considered

too unromantic to afford much of interest, its lighter features will be found to have at least a curious or amusing side, which will perhaps develop in the reader a new and unexpected interest in "the hundred-handed giant who keeps up the intercourse between the different parts of the country, and wafts a sigh from Indus to the Pole."

How the people managed to get from place to place before the post-office had a history, or indeed for some time after the birth of that institution, is almost inconceivable to the present generation, who, in performing even a short journey, have at their disposal the elegance and convenience of the railway train. It is difficult to realize that throughout the United Kingdom—which to younger countries seems a type of almost immemorial civilization—the public highways were for a long time little more than tracks worn out of the surface of the virgin land, following principally the natural features of the country, and giving evidence that they had never been systematically made, but were the outcome of a mere habit of travel. They would not admit of the use of a stage-coach with any degree of comfort or safety. Great men only, who could afford the necessary expense of a footman to run on either side of the coach and support it in rough places, adopted this method of travel.

The necessity for a better class of road cannot but have forced itself upon the Government of the country from time to time, if not for the benefit of travellers and to encourage trade, at least in order to facilitate the movement of troops in time of disturbance. Yet we find the state of the streets in the metropolis, as late as 1750, thus described in Blackie's "Comprehensive History of England": "When the only public approaches to Parliament were King and Union Streets, these were so wretchedly paved that when the King went in state to the House the ruts had to be filled up with bundles of fagots to allow the royal coach a safe transit." The same authority, some twenty years later, reports that, notwithstanding numerous Acts of Parliament, of which no less than four hundred and fifty-two were passed between the years 1760 and 1764, for the improvement of the principal highways, little change for the better was perceptible. The roads in Scotland were equally bad, yet the tide of improvement which eventually set in was strongly opposed both in England and Scotland, involving in many places riot and bloodshed.

So strong was the aversion of the country people to the im-

proved roads, that they would not travel over them. This bias may perhaps have partaken largely of that unreasonable conservatism which is always prone to assume that that which is is best, and opposes change on principle—an example of which is afforded by the conduct of the driver of the Marlborough coach, who, when the new Bath road was opened, obstinately refused to travel by it, and stuck to the old waggon track. "He was an old man," he said; "his grandfather and father had driven the aforesaid way before him, and he would continue in the old track till death." There are Marlborough coachmen yet in existence!

No one felt more keenly the deplorable condition of the roads than the post-boys, who were obliged continually to travel over them, and whose occupation must have been anything but light or agreeable. Cowper brings them vividly before us in the "Task":

> "Hark! 'tis the twanging horn! . . . .
> He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
> With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks;
> News from all nations lumbering at his back.
> True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
> Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
> Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
> And, having dropp'd the expected bag, pass on.
> He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
> Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
> Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
> To him indifferent whether grief or joy."

These post-boys were a source of great trouble and vexation to the authorities of the post-office throughout the whole course of their connection with that department. A surveyor who held office about the commencement of the eighteenth century, complaining bitterly of the tardiness of the post, says, "that the gentry do give much money to the riders, whereby they be very subject to get in liquor, which stops the mails."

Doubtless the temptation of the ale house, the low rate of wages paid by the contractors, combined with the frequent bad roads and bad weather, explain the vexatious delays which induced letter-writers to inscribe on their missives, "Be this letter delivered with great haste—haste—haste! Post haste! Ride, villain, ride—for thy life—for thy life—for thy life!"

Dissatisfaction with the existing arrangements of the post was not, however, wholly due to the untrustworthy character of

the post-boys. Many irregularities reflect discreditably on the post-office officials. In 1635 a bi-weekly mail between London and Edinburgh was established, the journey being limited to three days. In 1715 six days were required to perform the same journey, which rate of speed continued for forty years. This retrogression indicates a sad lack of vigour in the post-office management. It is worthy of note that Scotland, in the year 1715, could not boast of a single horse post, all the mails being conveyed by foot posts. During the year referred to the first horse post was established between Edinburgh and Stirling.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, stage coaches came into use in England. For some time after their introduction they were monopolized chiefly by people of fashion, but they gradually became the established public conveyance of the country. Prior to this the only vehicle accessible to travellers of ordinary means was the carrier's stage-waggon, which, owing to its lumbering build and the deplorable state of the roads, made only from ten to fifteen miles during a long summer's day. The interior of this waggon exhibited none of the refinements of the modern means of travel, its only furniture being a quantity of straw littered on the floor, on which the passengers could sit or lie during the weary hours of their journey.

Unlike travelling in the present day, when one may go a hundred miles in a railway carriage without speaking to a fellow-passenger, the journey in the old-fashioned waggon brought all the travellers too close and too long together to admit of individual isolation; for they might be associated for days together as companions, had to have their refreshment together, lived as it were in common, and it was even the custom to elect a chairman at the outset to preside over the company during the journey. In addition to other discomforts, travellers were in constant danger of being attacked by footpads or highwaymen, upset owing to the condition of the roads, or overtaken in storms against which the poorly constructed coach afforded but little protection.

About the latter part of the sixteenth century, packets began to be employed for the conveyance of mails, but communication even between different parts of the United Kingdom was very infrequent, while foreign voyages were more irregular. During the wars with the French in the seventeenth century, they were often captured by privateers, though they occasionally came off victorious after a fierce struggle. During the

most favourable voyages the correspondence was invariably wet through, and the "rats" not infrequently appeased their literary appetite by devouring a portion.

Without detailing the various changes by which the post-office reached its present complexity of operation, a superficial glance will reveal the fact that our largest post-offices have developed from very small beginnings.

In 1796 the number of men employed in the London post-office for general post delivery was 126. Many places formerly quite separate from the metropolis have since been incorporated in it, and the agglomeration is now known postally as the metropolitan district. In 1884 the number of men required to discharge the duty of letter delivery in this district was no less than 4,030. The officers at present employed in the metropolitan district exceed 10,000, *i.e.*, exclusive of the postmen above referred to. In 1708 the staff of the Edinburgh post-office was composed of no more than seven persons. In 1884 the total number employed was 939. In 1799 the staff of the Glasgow post-office was composed of only eight persons. At present the staff of the Glasgow post-office numbers 1,267.

One novel department of the postal system in operation on most great post routes is the Travelling Post Office, called when brevity is desirable, as is often the case, the T. P. O. It consists of two or three, sometimes more, railway carriages connected by a hooded gangway or passage. (See initial cut.) One side of the carriage is occupied by a series of pigeon-holes divided into groups for convenience of sorting letters. The mail bags are delivered by an apparatus consisting of an arm or arms of stout iron attached to the carriage, which can be extended outward from the side, and to the end of which the mail bag is suspended, and a receiving net also attached to the side of the carriage, which can likewise be extended outward to catch the mails to be taken up—this portion acting the part of an ærial trawl net, to capture the bags suspended from brackets on the roadside.

Though figures are of little service in conveying to our minds a due conception of the amount of work which they represent, yet some idea of the magnitude of the labour performed by the British post-office may be inferred from the fact that in 1883 the letters, post-cards, books, circulars, and newspapers transmitted through the office during that year numbered 1,853,541,400. The total weight, exclusive of the mail bags, would exceed

42,000 tons, which would be sufficient to provide full freight for a fleet of twenty-one ships carrying two thousand tons of cargo each. What a burden of sorrows, joys, scandals, midnight studies, patient labours, business energy, and everything good or bad which proceeds from the human heart and brain does not this represent.

In view of the great quantity of correspondence conveyed by the post, as well as the hurry and bustle in which letters are often written, it is not astonishing that writers should occasionally make mistakes in addressing their letters; but it will perhaps create surprise that one year's letters which could neither be delivered as addressed, nor returned to the senders through the Dead Letter Office, were over half a million in number! Letters posted in covers altogether without address number 28,000 in the year, while loose stamps found in post offices reach the annual total of 68,000. It may be interesting to note just here that for the United Kingdom, one year's issue of those tiny bits of paper known as postage stamps amounts in weight to no less than 114 tons.

In London on Valentine's eve, 1874, some 316 extra mail bags were required for the additional work thrown on the post-office. This custom reached its culmination some twelve years ago, since which it has steadily declined. Its decay may be attributed to the progress of the rival custom of sending cards of greeting and good wishes at Christmas time, which, owing to its patronage by all classes, has developed to enormous proportions. In the Christmas week of 1882 the extra correspondence which passed through the London post-office was estimated at fourteen millions, including registered letters (presumably containing presents of value), of which there was no less than three tons.

The post-office is not only called upon to perform the duty of expeditiously conveying the correspondence entrusted to it, but is made the vehicle for the carriage of an almost endless variety of small articles. Amongst these are the following—many of them having been alive when posted—viz., beetles, bees, goldfinches, caterpillars, crabs, frogs, leeches, moles, owls, rabbits, rats, squirrels, snails, snakes, worms, toads, etc.; also artificial teeth, artificial eyes, cream, eggs, mince pies, musical instruments, ointments, pork pies, revolvers, sausages, tobacco, cigars, etc. Occasionally the sending of live reptiles through the post-office gives rise to a lively scene when the snake's hiss has escaped from the packages in which he had been enclosed.

A large portion, or in fact nearly all the work done by the post-office in the transmission of mails, devolves on sorters, who, unlike men following some other avocations, are a race unsung and a people unknown to fame, possibly because they are a comparatively modern institution, and the work done is carried on practically under seal.

The sorters form a very large body ever engaged in performing an important and by no means simple duty. In many offices they are required to work all night. Most persons have a very hazy idea of what the sorting of letters really is. This is the process in Edinburgh, for example: The letters when posted are found all mixed together and bearing addresses of every kind. They are first arranged with the postage stamp in one direction and are stamped—the labels being defaced in the process—and the letters are then ready to be sorted. They are conveyed to sorting frames, where a first division is carried out, the letters being divided into about twenty lots, representing roads, or despatching divisions, and a few large towns; then the final sortation takes place. This seems a very simple process. But before a sorter is competent to do this work he must learn "circulation," which is the technical name for the system under which correspondence flows to its destination. It is almost impossible for some ever to become good sorters. The qualities of self-command—necessary when working against time—activity in person in order to meet any sudden strain of work, methodical habit, and a quick, prehensile and retentive memory are particularly essential, and unless they are united in the same man he will never be successful as a sorter.

The introduction of a new phase of postal communication in the form of the carrier pigeon furnishes us with a remarkable instance of the way in which the intellectual superiority of man has enabled him to appropriate to his purposes the physical powers of the lower animals. During the Franco-German war of 1870-71 great service was rendered by the carrier pigeons in keeping up postal communication with Paris. Letters intended for this novel mode of transition had to be sent to the headquarters of the French post-office at Tours, where, by a process of photography, they were transferred in a wonderfully reduced form to a diminutive piece of very thin paper, such as a pigeon could carry, the photograph process being repeated on their arrival in Paris, for the purpose of obtaining an enlarged

copy. The essential conditions of transition were that the letters should be without covers—registered—restricted to twenty words written in French, and relate solely to private affairs. The charge was fixed at five pence for each word, and six pence for registration. During nine months the number of letters conveyed from London to Paris by this means was 1,234.

The unblushing way in which the British post-office in its earlier days was called upon not only to convey franked letters, but, under forged franks, articles of a totally different class, will be perceived from the following cases :

"Dr. Creighton, carrying with him a cow and divers other necessaries."

"Fifteen couples of hounds going to the King of the Romans with a free pass."

"Some parcels of cloth for clothing colonels in my Lord North's and my Lord Grey's regiments."

"Two servant-maids going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen."

"Three suits of cloaths for some nobleman's lady at the Court of Portugal."

"One little parcel of lace, to be made use of in clothing Duke Schomberg's regiment."

It is not to be understood that the things consigned actually passed through the post-office, but were admitted for transport on board the special packet ships of Government sailing for purposes of the post-office. Petty frauds are committed on the post-office to a large extent at the present day by the senders of newspapers who infringe the rules by enclosing all sorts of things between the leaves, such as cigars, tobacco, collars, gloves, music, sermons, etc. People in the United States and Canada are much given to these practices, as is shown by the fact that in one half of the year 1874 more than 14,000 newspapers were detected with such articles secreted in them. The Cape Diamond robbery of 1880 may be referred to as an example of the great robberies which have been perpetrated on the post-office. The value of the diamonds stolen at that time was £60,000.

The post-office, while it is the willing handmaid to commerce, the vehicle of social intercourse, and the necessary help in almost every enterprise and occupation, becomes at the same time a ready means for the unscrupulous to perpetrate a wonderful

variety of frauds on the public, and enables a whole army of needy and designing persons to live upon the generous impulses of society. We may give one instance coming within the class of the "confidence trick." In several country newspapers the following advertisement made its appearance:

"An elderly bachelor of fortune, wishing to test the credulity of the public, and to benefit and assist others, will send a suitable present of genuine worth according to the circumstance of the applicant, to all who will send him 17 stamps, demanded merely as a token of confidence; stamps will be returned with the present."

The address followed, which was not the same in all the

HASTE! HASTE! POST HASTE!

advertisements. The advertiser would be able to say how far he profited by this little arrangement, but some idea of the simplicity of mankind may be derived from the fact that between three and four hundred letters for this person, each containing seventeen stamps, reached the Dead Letter Office—owing doubtless to his having removed from the places where he lived in consequence of their becoming too warm to hold him. The following is a specimen letter from one of the dupes:

"I have enclosed the seventeen stamps and shall be very pleased to receive any present you will send me. As I am not very well off, what I would like very much would be a nice black silk dress, which I would consider a rich reward for my credulity."

The addresses of letters passing through the post have often very curious features arising from various causes. Sometimes the whole writing is so bad as to be all but illegible; sometimes the orthography is extremely at fault; occasionally the writer, having forgotten the precise address, makes use of a paraphrase; sometimes the addresses are insufficient, and sometimes they are conjoined with sketches on the envelopes showing artistic taste and comic spirit. An illustration of this is shown on page 229.

The following addresses are made use of apparently owing to the correct addresses being lost, but the directions given serve their purpose and the letters were duly delivered:

"For a gentleman residing in a street out of the —— Road, London. He is a shopkeeper, sells newspapers and periodicals to the trade, and supplies hawkers and others with cheap prints, some of which are sold by men in the street. He is well known in the locality, being wholesale. Postman will oblige if he can find him."

"This is for old Mr. Milly, what prints the paper in Lancaster where the jail is. Just read him as soon as it comes to the post office."

"Mr. —— Travelling Band, one of four playing in the street
Persha [Pershore]
Please to find him if possible. Worcestershire."

"This is for her that makes dresses for ladies that lives at tother side of the road to James Brocklip.
Edensover, Chesterfield."

"This is for the young girl that wears spectacles, who minds two babies.
30 Sheriff Street
Off Prince Edwin Street Liverpool."

"To my sister Jean
Up the Canongate
Down a Close
She has a wooden leg. Edinburgh."

"My dear Aunt Sue as lives in the Cottage by the wood near the New Forest."

It occasionally happens that when the eye is unable to make out an address the ear comes to the rescue. In London a letter came directed to

"Mr. Owl O'Neil
General Post Office."

But no one was known there of that name. A clerk looking at the letter commenced to repeat aloud, "Mr. Owl

O'Neil, Mr. Owl O'Neil," when another clerk, hearing him, exclaimed, "Why! that must be intended for Mr. Rowland Hill," which indeed proved to be the case. A similar circumstance happened in Edinburgh with a letter from Australia addressed to

"Mr. ————
Johns 7 Scotland."

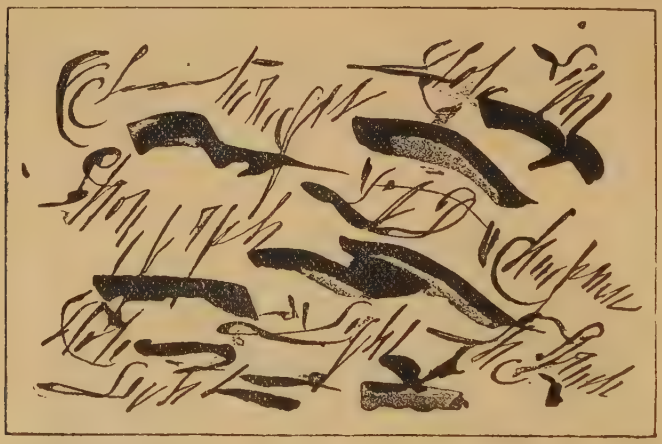
It proved to be intended for Johnshaven, a village in the north of Scotland.

In another instance the address—"23 Adne Edle Street, London"—proved to be intended for 2 Threadneedle Street, London. Again—"No. 52 Oldham and Bury, London"—was written for No. 52, Aldermanbury, London.

The letter of which the above represents the address was posted at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and delivered to the editor of the *Courant* in Edinburgh. It represents, it will be observed, a deer "courant." A *fac-simile* of a portion of the communication enclosed is presented on the next page, which will give an idea of the interest attaching to editorial work, and afford valuable information to the reader.

In the London post-office indistinctly addressed letters are at once set aside, so as not to delay the work of sortation, and are carried forthwith to a set of special officers who have an aptitude for deciphering indistinct writing. These officers, by a strange contradiction in the sense of things, are called the

"blind officers," and here the letters are rapidly disposed of, either by having the addresses read and amended, or marked with the name of a post-town for which they may be supposed to be intended. To facilitate this special work the "blind officers" are furnished with gazetteers, and other works containing the names of gentlemen's estates, farms, etc., and many letters reach the persons addressed by means of these books.



The marvellous extent to which the idea seems to prevail among people generally that they have a claim upon the post-office for assistance and guidance in obtaining what they consider otherwise unavailable, is shown by the curious letters frequently addressed to that institution. In the following the post-office is asked to hunt up missing relatives:

"I write to ask you for some information about persons who are missing. I want to find my mother and sisters who are in Melbourne Australia I believe—if you would find them out for me please let me know by return of post also your charge at the lowest."

"I wright these fue lines to ask you if you would be so kind as to tell me if there is such a person living in England.

She was living at Birmingham last Rtimmas—this his mi sister and brother-in-law—they hant in Birmingham now, let this letter go to every general post office there is."

Among other letters are some requesting information concerning property:

"United States.

"Will you do me the kind favor as you are the post master and able to know as I judge of. It is this, give me the full name and address of any

'Mac——' that you know of in England, or in Scotland, or Ireland, or Wales, or in India, or at or in any other country that you may know of, with their full names and correct address so that I can write to them myself. If you have any pamphlet with the names of parties who have died and left money send as I want such information."

A farmer in the country wants a postmaster as go-between in a little business matter and pens him a few lines to the following effect:

"John —— acting as a Farmer here would be very much obliged to the Postmaster if he would be so good as to name a suitable party at —— to whom he might sell a 30 stone pig of good quality well—for he understands it is the best place to sell. The pig is now quite ready for killing."

A Frenchman, with hat in hand, and all ready to propose, merely wants to know as a preliminary whether the lady he has in view is still alive:

"A Monsieur le Directeur la Poste de Londres.

"Jai cinquante trois ans. Veuellez etre assez bon de me faire réponse pour me donner des resultats sur l' existence de Madame ——? Si parfois elle était toujours veuve je voudrais lui faire la proposition de lui demander sa main dáprès que jéa aurais des nouvelles. En attendant, Monsieur votre résponse."

The next specimen is from a person out of employment:

"Having lost my parents I am desirous of taking a house-keeper's situation where a domestic is kept. Must be a dissenting family, Baptist preferred. Thinking that such a case might come under your notice I have therefore taken the liberty of sending to you."

The following letter is of another kind, and not a bad effort for a schoolboy:

"Not having received the live bullfinch mentioned by you as having arrived at the Returned-letter Office two days ago, having been posted as a letter contrary to the regulations of the postal system, I now write to ask you to have the bird fed and forwarded at once to ——; and to apply for all fines and expenses to ——. If this is not done and I do not receive the bird before the end of the week, I shall write to the Postmaster-general who is a very intimate friend of my father's, and ask him to see that measures are taken against you for neglect. This is not an idle threat, so you will oblige by following the above instructions."

The Dead Letter Office must occasionally be supposed to be a repository for the human dead, as inquiries for deceased persons are sometimes addressed to the "Dead Office." Thus:

"We heard in the paper about 12 or 14 months back, Mary Ann—the servant girl at London was dead. Please send it to the Printer's office by return of post whether there was a small fortune left for ——"

"I write a line two see if you hard ennything of my husband—that was left at —— ill. Please will you rite back by return of post as we are in great trouble."

Extraordinary coincidences have been chronicled in connection with almost every situation in life, and the post-office is a fertile field for the observation of such occurrences. The peculiar nature of the coincidences in the following example is worthy of note. A traveller in the North of Europe became sadly puzzled with letters which followed him about, although not intended for him, and the difficulties of his case are described in a letter written by him, of which the following is a transcript:

"There was another Rev. J—— D——(the same name) travelling in Norway at the same time, whose letters kept crossing my path everywhere, and when I read them I was almost in doubt whether I was myself or he, for his wife had the same name as mine and his baby the same name as mine and just the same age. But who he can be I cannot make out, only he is not I. Perhaps the registered letter which has given you such trouble may have been for him. It may satisfy you however to know that mine was all right."

Identity in names and addresses in all particulars sometimes gives rise to trouble and inconvenience. Through the misdelivery of a savings-bank acknowledgment, it was brought to light that in a suburban district of London, where there were two terraces bearing exactly the same designation, there were residing at the same number in each two persons having not only the same surname but the same Christian name. In consequence of the misdelivery of a post-packet the following case of almost identical addresses was also brought to light:

"Mr. Andrew Thom
Bootmaker
8 Southbridge Street
Airdrie," and

"Mr. Andrew Thom
Boot-Top Manufacturer
86 Southbridge St.
Edinburgh."

For many years past it has been incumbent upon all candidates seeking employment in the post-office, as in other public departments, to undergo medical examination with the view of securing healthy persons for the service; and in the course of such examinations it is necessary for the medical officer to inquire into the health of the parents, brothers, and sisters of the candidate, etc. The following are examples of answers received:

"Father had sunstroke and I caught it of him."

"My little brother died of some funny name."

"A great white cat drawed my sister's breath and she died of it." A parent died of "Apperplexity," another died of "Parasles." One "caught Tiber rever in the Hackney Road," another had "goarnders," a third,

"burralger in the head." Some of the other complaints were described as "rummitanic pains," "carracatic fever," "indigestion of the lungs," "toncertina in the throat," "pistoles on the back." One candidate stated that his "sister was consumpted, now she's quite well again," while the sister of another was stated to have "died of compulsion."

We cannot better conclude this article than by reproducing the description given by Lewis, in his "History of the Post-office," of the proceedings at the closing of the mail-box at six o'clock in the London Central office:

"The newspaper window, ever yawning for more, is presently surrounded and besieged by an array of boys of all ages and costumes, together with children of a larger growth, who are all alike pushing, heaving, and surging in one great mass. The window with tremendous gape is assaulted with showers of papers, which fly thicker and faster than the driven snow. Now it is that small boys of eleven and twelve years of age, panting, Sinbad-like, under the weight of huge bundles of newspapers, manage somehow to dart about and make rapid sorties into other ranks of boys, utterly disregarding the cries of the official policemen, who vainly endeavour to reduce the tumult into something like post-office order. If the lads cannot quietly and easily disembogue they will whizz their missiles of intelligence over other people's heads, now and then sweeping off hats and caps with the force of shot. The gathering every moment increases in numbers and intensifies in purpose; arms, legs, sacks, baskets, heads, and bundles seem to be getting into a state of confusion and disagreeable communism, and yet the cry is "still they come." Heaps of papers are now sent in sackfuls and basketfuls, while over the heads of the surging crowd are flying back the empty sacks, thrown out of the office by the porters inside. Semi-official legends, with a very strong smack of probability about them, tell of sundry boys being thrown in, seized and thrown out again. As six o'clock approaches nearer and nearer the turmoil increases, for the intelligent British public is fully alive to the awful truth that the post-office officials never allow a minute of grace, and that 'Newspaper Fair' must be over when the last stroke of six is heard. ONE—in rush files of laggard boys, who have purposely loitered in the hope of a little excitement; TWO—and grown men hurry in with the last sacks; THREE—the struggle resembles nothing so much as a pantomimic mêlée; FOUR—a babel of tongues vociferating desperately; FIVE—final and furious showers of papers, sacks and bags; and, SIX—when all the windows fall, like so many swords of Damocles, and the slits close with such a sudden and simultaneous snap that we naturally suppose it to be a part of the post-office operations that attempts should be made to guillotine a score of hands; and then all is over, so far as the outsiders are concerned. There may be some lingering regrets that these stirring scenes are among the things of the past. This bustling method of operation has been superseded by a quieter and more efficient system which provides branch offices or pillar-boxes for all large cities, thus altering the excitement which used to prevail at the chief office—the great central point where correspondence had to be deposited for despatch."

STELLARTON, N.S.

"THE VICAR OF MORWENSTOW."

BY THE REV. T. W. JOLLIFFE.

When I was a boy wandering over the windy cliffs of Cornwall, or, with my schoolmates, making short excursions into the country in search of berries and hazel-nuts, we often met a remarkable character, known far and near as "the old vicar" —though at that time he was not more than fifty or fifty-five years of age. He was known among the boys in our school as "The queer old parson of Morwenstow." His dress was unique, utterly unlike anything seen before or since. His nether limbs were usually encased in a pair of long fishing-boots. His coat was of the old straight cut, or flitch-of-bacon pattern, and claret coloured. Underneath he wore a blue knitted jersey. His head-gear was either a college cap, or a "wide-awake," broad-leafed, and of the same colour as his coat. He usually rode a small, well-groomed mule, and was a frequent visitor to the little town of Stratton, and his appearance was always hailed with interest by the boys. He was a sight to see, and once seen was not likely to be forgotten. He was at that time, and for more than twenty years after, vicar of the neighbouring parish of Morwenstow. The old people of Stratton, who had known him when a boy, had many a good story to tell of his pranks when he lived amongst them at the time his father was the rector of the parish. One of these pranks was dressing up like a mermaid in green weeds, and singing his sea-song on a rock off shore night after night by moonlight, till the whole neighbourhood was thrown into a ferment of excitement about it.

The hero of my story was beloved by the poor, admired for his bravery and large-hearted generosity, while at the same time he was often mercilessly criticized by the neighbouring clergy, and regarded by most people as a crank. But before I go further I must introduce him to you.

Robert Stephen Hawker, M.A., was the son of Rev. Jacob S. Hawker, vicar of Stratton, Cornwall, and grandson of the well-known Dr. Hawker, incumbent of Charles Church, Plymouth—a man noted for his ability, and remarkable for his piety. The subject of this sketch was born at Stoke-Damerel, December

3rd, 1804, and when only nine years of age was committed to the care of his grandfather at Plymouth, to be educated. Robert possessed a mind of no common order, and found no difficulty in mastering the most difficult tasks assigned to boys of his own age. His love for poetry was almost a passion, and before he was twelve years of age he had written several poems, which were, to say the least, highly creditable productions. The boy had considerable admiration for his own ability, and a great respect for his own judgment. In the Church where his grandfather ministered, the evening service always closed with the singing of the hymn, "Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing," composed by Dr. Hawker himself. His grandson did not know the authorship of the hymn: he came to the doctor one day with a paper in his hand, and said: "Grandfather, I don't altogether like that hymn, 'Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing': I think it might be improved in metre and language, and would be better if made somewhat longer." "Oh, indeed!" said Dr. Hawker, evidently annoyed, "and pray, Robert, what emendations commend themselves to your precocious wisdom?" "This is my improved version," said the boy, and read as follows:—

"'Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
High and low, and rich and poor;
May we all, Thy fear possessing,
Go in peace, and sin no more!

Lord, requite not as we merit;
Thy displeasure all must fear:
As of old, so let Thy Spirit
Still the dove's resemblance bear.

May that Spirit dwell within us!
May its love our refuge be!
So shall no temptation win us
From the path that leads to Thee.

So when these our lips shall wither,
So when fails each earthly tone,
May we sing once more together
Hymns of glory round Thy throne!'

"Now listen to the old version, grandfather:—

"'Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Oh, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness!

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyous sound;
May the founts of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found!'

"This one is crude and flat; don't you think so, grandfather?"

"Crude and flat, sir! Young puppy, it is *mine!* I wrote that hymn."

"Oh! I beg your pardon, grandfather; I did not know that: it is a very nice hymn indeed; but—but" and, as he went out of the door,—"mine is better."

The old gentleman soon after this sent Robert to a boarding-school; but he staid only one night. The surroundings were not congenial to him, and early next morning the master saw his pupil with his portmanteau strapped on his back, striding across the lawn with reckless indifference to flower-beds, singing at the top of his voice, "Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing." He shouted after him from the window, but Robert was deaf. Flinging his portmanteau over the hedge he jumped over after it and was never seen again at that school. Afterwards he attended the grammar-school at Liskeard, and made rapid progress in his studies.

His holidays were spent either with his grandfather at Plymouth, or with his parents at Stratton, and he succeeded in making things so lively in the latter place that the old sexton of the parish church actually rang a peal on the bells when the mischievous boy went back to school and left Stratton people in peace. When at home he was constantly playing pranks with his brothers and sisters. The old clerk in the church was accustomed to read, "I am an alien unto my mother's children," pronouncing alien as "a lion." "Ah!" said Mrs. Hawker, "that means Robert; he is verily a lion unto his mother's children."

When he was nineteen years old he went to Oxford and entered at Pembroke. After attending one session he returned to Stratton to visit his parents; then his father told him that in consequence of a very limited salary, and the claims of a large family, it would be impossible for him to send him back to college; but Robert had his mind set on completing his university work, and he had recourse to the following expedient: There lived at Whitstone four ladies, daughters of Colonel Pans. Each of them had been left with an annuity of two hundred

pounds a year, besides considerable property. As soon as Robert Hawker learned from his father that a return to Oxford was out of the question, he remembered that the Misses I'ans were visiting at Bude, and without even waiting to put on his hat, he started, and ran from Stratton to Bude, and at once proposed to Miss Charlotte I'ans to become his wife. She was forty-one years of age—one year older than his mother; she was his godmother, and had taught him his letters. She accepted him; they were married the following November, the bridegroom being nearly twenty. Shortly after Christmas he returned to Oxford accompanied by his wife. In due time he received his degree of B.A., and then came to Morwenstow, a place for which even then he had contracted a peculiar love. At the age of twenty-five he was ordained. Soon after the parish of Morwenstow becoming vacant, Rev. R. S. Hawker was appointed vicar, and probably there was not a living in England he would have exchanged it for. He had fallen deeply in love with the quaint old church when a boy, and had visited it frequently. Morwenstow church is perched on the cliffs which rise up more than three hundred feet above the Atlantic. The coast for many miles is almost unrivalled for its grandeur. The restless sea is ever thundering against the rocks, and the swell comes unbroken from Labrador. Before the construction of the haven at Bude, wrecks were frequent indeed. A vessel had no possible chance of escape if driven within a certain distance of the rocks. The common saying was:—

> "From Padstowe Point to Lundy Light,
> Is a watery grave by day or night."

Scarcely an autumn or winter passed without much loss of life, and in the churchyard at Morwenstow the crew of many a noble vessel have been laid to rest by its vicar. After a wreck, when the dead bodies of the sailors were hurled against the rocky shore, he would engage men to look for the dead, and when found they were borne up the long winding path to the cliff, and decently buried at his own expense.

When he came to Morwenstow he found a parsonage in ruins, the former vicar being a non-resident; a parish peopled with wreckers and smugglers, and a venerable church, almost deserted, standing amidst a rank growth of weeds and nettles. The spiritual condition of those who were nominally Church people was similarly forlorn. The services had been performed

in a slovenly manner: the parsons thought more about fox-hunting than saving souls.

There was a story told of a fox-hunting parson, named Radcliffe, in the north of Devon. The Bishop of Exeter came one day to visit him without notice. Parson Radcliffe, in scarlet, was just about to mount his horse and gallop off to the meet, when he heard that the bishop was in the village. He had barely time to send away his hunter, run upstairs, and jump, red coat, boots and all, into bed, when the bishop's carriage drew up at the door. Calling his housekeeper, he said: "Tell his lordship I'm ill, will you?" "Is Mr. Radcliffe in?" asked Dr. Philpotts. "He's ill in bed," said the housekeeper. "Dear me, I'm so sorry! Pray ask him if I may go up and sit with him?" said the bishop. The housekeeper ran upstairs to her master's room, the parson put his head out of the bedclothes, but was reassured when he saw it was not the bishop. "Please your honour," said the girl, "his lordship wants to come upstairs, and sit with you a little while." "With me, good heavens!" gasped the parson. "No! go down and tell his lordship I'm took cruel bad with *scarlet fever*."

Mr. Hawker, on his arrival at Morwenstow, set himself to work to repair the fine old church. It seemed as dear to him as his own life. The monetary value of the living was three hundred and sixty-five pounds a year. He wrote up over the door of his vicarage:—

> "A house, a glebe, a pound a day,
> A pleasant place to watch and pray;
> Be true to Church, be kind to poor,
> O minister for evermore."

The poor in his parish were ground down, not only by a low wage, but with the hateful truck system, and he worked hard to bring about a better state of things. He used to say: "If I eat and drink, and see my poor hunger and thirst, I am not a minister of Christ, but a lion that lurketh in his den to ravish the poor."

Mr. Hawker hated sham; his whole nature was transparent as a mountain stream; he knew not how to dissemble, and, like many other honest men, he was sometimes deceived by those who professed friendship. He was very peculiar in his style of dress. It mattered not to him what other ministers wore, he dressed to suit himself: and certainly his garb was odd enough.

Finding that his cassock was inconvenient in scrambling about the cliffs, he adopted a claret-coloured coat with long tails. He was averse to anything black; the only black things he would wear were his boots. His coat was usually worn open, displaying beneath a knitted blue fisherman's jersey. For a time he wore his college "mortar-board"; afterwards he wore a priest's "wide-awake," the same colour as the coat. He had no best suit: whenever he put on any article of dress he wore it till it was done. In the church he wore a little skull cap, rendered necessary by the cold and damp of the building. Attached to one of the buttons of his coat by a string was a pencil which he had frequent occasion to use, as he was in the habit of writing a poem or sermon outline whenever the thoughts were suggested to his mind.

He had a little hut built on his glebe overlooking the sea, where he spent a great deal of his time when engaged in writing, reading, or study. There he wrote many of the beautiful ballads which are so well remembered by the Cornish people. Perhaps one of the finest pieces written by him is that entitled, "The Silent Tower of Bottreaux." The rugged heights that line the sea-shore in the neighbourhood of Tintagel Castle and church are crested with towers. Among these that of Bottreaux Castle, or, as it is now written, Boscastle, is without bells. The silence of this wild and lonely churchyard on festive or solemn occasions is not a little striking. It is generally believed that the ship having on board the bells for this tower was wrecked on the coast.

THE SILENT TOWER OF BOTTREAUX.

Tintagel bells ring o'er the tide:
The boy leans on his vessel's side,
He hears that sound, and dreams of home
Soothe the wild orphan of the foam.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Thus saith their pealing chime:
"Youth, manhood, old age, past,
Come to thy God at last!"

But why are Bottreaux's echoes still?
Her tower stands proudly on the hill:
Yet the strange chough that home hath found,
The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Should be her answering chime.
"Come to thy God at last!"
Should echo on the blast.

The ship rode down with courses free,
The daughter of a distant sea :
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored,
The merry Bottreaux bells on board.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Rang out Tintagel chime.
"Youth, manhood, old age, past,
Come to thy God at last!"

The pilot heard his native bells
Hang on the breeze in fitful swells.
"Thank God!" with reverent brow he cried :
"We make the shore with evening's tide."
"Come to thy God in time!"
It was his marriage chime.
Youth, manhood, old age, past,
His bells must ring at last.

"Thank God, thou whining knave, on land!
But thank, at sea, the steersman's hand,"
(The captain's voice above the gale),
"Thank the good ship and ready sail."
"Come to thy God in time!"
Sad grew the boding chime.
"Come to thy God at last!"
Boomed heavy on the blast.

Up rose that sea, as if it heard
The mighty Master's signal word.
What thrills the captain's whitening lip?
The death-groans of his sinking ship!
"Come to thy God in time!"
Swung deep the funeral chime.
"Grace, mercy, kindness, past,
Come to thy God at last!"

Long did the rescued pilot tell,
When grey hairs o'er his forehead fell,—
While those around would hear and weep,—
That fearful judgment of the deep.
"Come to thy God in time!"
He read his native chime :
Youth, manhood, old age, past,
His bell rung out at last!

Still, when the storm of Bottreaux's waves
Is wakening in his weedy caves,
Those bells that sullen surges hide
Peal their deep notes beneath the tide.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Thus saith the ocean chime :
"Storm, billow, whirlwind, past,
Come to thy God at last!"

Mr. Hawker was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood: tall and muscular, a fine-cut profile, dark, full eyes, and long snowy hair parted in the middle of the head; his voice was rich and powerful; he used no manuscript in his ordinary ministrations. He was a High Churchman, and yet one of an original type, wholly distinct from the Tractarians on the one hand, and the Ritualists on the other. He had for many years a decided antipathy to Dissenters—and there were many in his parish. It may be that his dislike arose from the fact that he, like too many other "Church parsons," was not thoroughly familiar with their work. He was too ready to listen to many of the foolish tales brought to him by those whose only virtue seemed to be that they hated the Methodists. Yet, though often bitter in speech, he was always ready to do any kindness that lay in his power to a Dissenter. He spent much valuable time in instructing a young student for the Methodist ministry in Greek and Latin, and his pupil is now a successful minister in the English Wesleyan Conference. He was always ready to ask favours of their landlords for Dissenting farmers, and went out of his way to do them exceptional kindnesses. Some one rallied him on this: "Why, Hawker, you are always getting comfortable berths for schismatics." "So one ought," was his ready reply. "I try my best to make them snug in this world, they will be miserable enough in the next."

One day he visited the widow of a parishioner who had just died. As he entered, he met the Methodist minister coming out of the room where the corpse lay. "When is poor Thomas to be buried?" asked the vicar. "We are going to take him out of the parish," said the widow. "We thought you would not bury him, as he was a Dissenter." "Who told you I would not?" The woman looked at the minister. "Did you say so?" he asked of the preacher abruptly. "Well, sir, we thought that you were so particular that you would object to bury a Dissenter." "On the contrary," said the vicar, "do you not know I should be but too happy to bury you all?"

He was a great lover of children, and they loved him. Many of his finest pieces were written and sent to the children of his school. The following was written for a Plymouth paper during the Christmas of 1859:

THE CAROL OF THE KINGS.

Three ancient men in Bethlehem's cave
With awful wonder stand:

A voice had called them from their grave
In some far Eastern land.

They lived, they trod the former earth,
When the old waters swelled ;
The ark, that womb of second birth,
Their house and lineage held.

Pale Japhet bows the knee with gold,
Bright Shem sweet incense brings,
And Ham the myrrh his fingers hold,
Lo ! the three Orient Kings !

Types of the total earth, they hailed
The signal's starry frame ;
Shuddering with second life, they quailed
At the Child Jesu's name.

Then slow the patriarchs turned and trod,
And this their parting sigh,—
"Our eyes have seen the living God,
And now—once more to die."

The vicar was a hard worker. In addition to his other services, for a long time he acted as postman to Wellcombe. The villagers did not often receive letters, and when they did they were left at Morwenstow Vicarage, and on the following Sunday there was a distribution in the porch of the church after service. As the greater part were unable to read or write, the vicar was usually required to read the letters and write the answers.

He was strong in the belief that a special Providence watched over him and his church, and he had strange views on the subject of guardian angels. In a sermon at Morwenstow church he was on one occasion speaking of the protecting care exercised towards the church and those who had ministered at her altar. His text was 1 Sam. iii. 4: "Here am I." The following is the conclusion of the somewhat remarkable discourse:

"A thousand years and more have swept away since Morwenna gave this church to God, and in all these ages there never has been a moment in which an angel, leaning on his flashing sword, has not stood here as sentinel, to answer to God's call when foes assail, and traitors kiss, and feeble hearts fail, 'Here am I.' And now, brethren, I stand here. Does God ask, 'Who is there to baptize the children, and bring them to Me? Who is there to instruct the young in the paths of righteousness? Who is there to bless the young hands that clasp for life's journey? Who is there to speak the word of pardon over the penitent sinner who turns with broken and contrite heart to Me? Who is there to give the bread of

heaven to the wayfarers on life's desert? Who is there to stand by the sick man's bed and hold the cross before his closing eyes? Who is there to lay him with words of hope in his long home? Why, my brethren, I look up in the face of God, and I answer, boldly, confidently, yet humbly and suppliantly, 'Here am I!' I, with all my infirmities of temper and mind and body; I, broken by old age, but with a spirit ever willing; I, troubled on every side, without with fightings, within with fears; I—I—strengthened, however, by the grace of God, and commissioned by his apostolic ministry. And am I alone? Not so. There are chariots and horses of fire about me. There are angels round us on every side. Am I weak? An angel stays me up. Do my hands falter? An angel sustains them. Am I weary to death with disappointment? My head rests on an angel's bosom, and an angel's arms encircle me. Who will raise his hand to tear down the house of God? Who will venture to rob God of his inheritance? An angel is at hand. He beareth not the sword in vain: he saith to the assailer, 'Here am I!" And believe me: the world may roll its course through centuries more; and ocean may fret our rocks, as he has fretted them through ages past; but as long as one stone stands upon another of Morwenna's church, so long will there be a priest to answer God's call, and say, 'Here am I!' and so long will there be an angel to stay him up in his agony and weakness, saying, 'Here am I!' and to meet the spoiler, with his sword and challenge, 'Here am I!'"

There was ever a sad undertone in the eccentric vicar's character. He felt his isolation in mind from all around him. His best companions were his books, the waves, and the clouds. His wife was a charming, accomplished lady, and she was one of the few who thoroughly understood her gifted husband. During her long invalidism his devotion to her was full and complete. For several years before her death she was totally blind. Mr. Hawker spent a great deal of time in reading to her, and conversing with her—all that loving care could do to make her last days happy. At length the end came, and at the ripe age of eighty-one she went home to God. After her death he was continually depressed in spirits. He moped about the cliffs, and lost interest in almost everything. Then he came to death's door with brain fever; but gradually recovered. At length a new interest grew up in his heart. A lady of Polish extraction was governess in a gentleman's family in the neighbourhood. She won the vicar's affection and he made her his wife. She was a Catholic, and in her husband's last illness sent for a priest to see him. With that ever eager desire of the Catholic Church to make a proselyte, the priest administered to the unconscious vicar the sacraments of baptism, penance, extreme unction, and communion. His friends were justly indignant at the action of his wife. It was taking an unfair advantage of a dying man.

His parishioners revere his memory. His liberality to the poor, his unceasing efforts to educate the children, and his faithful work as a minister will not soon be forgotten. He had his failings, for he was but a man, but those who had opportunity of knowing him best believe that, in spite of his peculiarities, he was a devoted Christian. I cannot more worthily conclude this sketch than with the closing sentences of one of his own Visitation Sermons:

"The day is far spent, and the night is at hand: the hour cometh wherein no man can work. Their love and their hatred and their envy will have perished; neither will they have any longer a name under the sun. The thousand thoughts that thrill our soul this day, with the usual interests and the common sympathies of an earthly existence,—of all these there will not survive in the flesh a single throb. We who are found worthy shall be gathered to a place and people where the strifes and controversies of earth shall be unnoted and unknown. * * God grant that we may look on each other's faces, and be at rest one day in the city of God, among the innumerable company of angels, and the first-born whose names are written in heaven, and the spirits of just men made perfect, and Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, through the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel."

TORONTO, 1887.

THE FUTURE.

"I KNOW not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

"And so, beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

"O brothers, if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way!"

—*Whittier.*

LAS CASAS, THE PROTECTOR OF THE INDIANS.

BY THE REV. JOHN M'LEAN, M.A.

SIXTEEN caciques and lords, men of known worth,
The sovereign authority possess;
And never gave barbarian mother's birth
To warriors of like valour and address,
Guardians and bulwarks of their native earth!
Of these in power none greater, and none less,
Firm at each other's side, mighty and brave,
They rule the country their strong arms must save.

—*Alonso de Ercilla*, "*La Araucana*."

The successes of Columbus enlisted the energies of ambitious adventurers, desirous of reaping the rewards of easy toil in the mines of the New World. Among the enterprising spirits that sought out the wealth of the new country were men of fame and fortune, who went there in the interests of the Spanish Government and the Roman Catholic Church. The important discovery made by Columbus, combined with the introduction of the printing-press into Spain, awakened the national intellect, and the facts and fancies of the Golden Land were woven into poems, histories and novels for the edification of the people.

Bartholomew de Las Casas was born at Seville, 1474, five years previous to the death of Jorge Manrique, whose poem, "The Coplas of Manrique," has been feelingly translated and made accessible to English readers by the immortal poet Longfellow. Las Casas went with his father on an expedition to the West Indies, under Columbus, in 1498. He landed at Hispaniola, and saw for the first time the country in which he was destined to spend so many years of ardent labour and intense suffering on behalf of the Indians. Returning to his native land, he spent some years there, and then sought the shores of Mexico, where, as a missionary to the natives, he began his labours in Hispaniola. Missionary effort in those days was attended with many dangers and difficulties. Many of the helps and hindrances of modern times were unknown, and it required sagacity and courage to surmount the obstacles and win trophies for the truth.

When Columbus discovered the country, he rewarded his

followers with grants of land and Indians, thus laying the foundation of slavery in America, which was ultimately to prove a curse to posterity. Indians were of greater value to the Spaniards than the land, and Columbus assumed the responsibility of bestowing upon his friends the heathen of the New World. Having imposed a tax upon the Indians, and finding it impossible to collect it, he compelled them to render compensation by labour in the mines and on the land. This arrangement was very acceptable to the colonists, who reaped the benefits without any toil. It is true that the system thus begun was intended to be temporary in its duration, but it became so engrafted in the national customs that centuries elapsed before law, military power, and ecclesiastical influence were able to pluck it up by the roots. The colonists were excessively cruel to their slaves, treating them more inhumanly than the brute creation. The Indians, unaccustomed to labour, were compelled to act as beasts of burden. When one of their number fell through sickness or sheer fatigue, his head was cut off, as the easiest way of unloosing the chain by which he was attached to the gang.

Food was scarce, disease spread rapidly among them, and thousands died. Many committed suicide to escape from the cruelties of their taskmasters; mothers slew their children to preserve them from a similar fate; the dead lay thick and unburied around the mines, and the orphans were a hungry, helpless multitude. Many were sold to defray the cost of war. Indian towns were plundered and the inhabitants massacred. The kidnapping of natives was occasionally resorted to, and the wretched ones toiled and lingered until the grave opened its welcome jaws and gave them at last relief. The fair and beautiful Hispaniola, with her population of one million, was reduced by cruelty in fifteen years to sixty thousand, and in thirty years there remained of her original inhabitants only two hundred souls. It is estimated that the Spanish conquest of Mexico cost the lives of ten million natives.

To this uninviting field of labour, the zealous, eloquent, and pious Las Casas went to employ his talents in alleviating the miseries of the unfortunate, and teach them to lead holier lives than their accursed persecutors. At once the brave priest determined to face the dangers that beset him, by nobly espousing the cause of the Indians. This was a bold step, considering the sentiments of the colonists and the political acts of the local

authorities. The Spanish barbarians hated his presence, and laid plans to take his life. The system of slavery, the immoral lives and inhuman practices of the colonists, and the insatiate greed of gain, were serious obstacles in his way. How could he induce the natives to forsake their pagan faith and adopt the religion of their cruel conquerors? Their magnanimity, candour, and bravery were superior to that of their civilized foes.

Opposition to his work met the intrepid missionary at every point, so that for a time his mission proved an entire failure. Nothing daunted, he travelled from place to place, seeking to gain the confidence of the Indians and throw around them the mantle of protection. By his zeal, prudence and courage many scenes of cruelty were prevented from being enacted, and the persecuted, now grown suspicious and wary, reposed confidence in him who sought to lead them in the right way and teach them truth and love.

Being sent for to assist in the pacification of Cuba, he started with an escort of five hundred men, determined to use his influence in securing justice for his swarthy friends. Amidst the multitudinous duties connected with his mission, he found time to travel up and down the land, baptizing the children and teaching the people the doctrines of the faith. Travelling one day with his men, he halted in the dry bed of a stream, where stones suitable for sharpening their swords were found. Whilst engaged in this occupation, a crowd of harmless natives, attracted by the presence of the soldiers and the peculiarity of their arms, drew near and gazed in simple wonderment upon them. Suddenly one of the soldiers cut down a native, and the Satanic contagion spreading rapidly, the people were entirely massacred. The brave Las Casas sought to restrain the troops, but his attempts were fruitless, and the bodies soon lay in heaps upon the ground. When his mission was completed, he received for his labour lands and slaves. Innocently he took them, as his mind had not yet become fully alive to the evils arising from slavery. He states that he cared more for the labour received from his slaves than for their spiritual improvement. Some years previously he had heard a Dominican monk strongly denounce the system, and the words of the sermon now rose in his mind and troubled his conscience. This was an important period in his life. He set his slaves at liberty and started on his career as a determined abolitionist. Fearlessly he preached

against slavery, but the foes he had to contend with were numerous and strong. Failure was the result of his crusade against this curse of humanity, but he did not despair. The people having shut their ears to his entreaties, he sought the ear of royalty. Returning to Spain, he pleaded the claims of the Indians before Ferdinand. The king listened attentively to his burning appeal. He told of the wrongs inflicted on the Indians, the multitudes perishing without the sacraments and a knowledge of the faith, the diminishing of the revenue and the ruin of the country.

Ferdinand was old and feeble, and though he had erred in enriching himself by depriving many of the Indians of their rights, yet such was his deep interest in the mission of the pious priest that he appointed a time for a second interview. That time was never granted, for death deprived the King of his crown and Las Casas of a true friend. Cardinal Ximenes became Regent, and in him Las Casas found an earnest advocate of the Indians' rights. The Regent becoming deeply interested in the matter, through the representations made to him, caused regulations to be framed granting freedom to the Indians, and providing means for instructing them in religion. Three Jeronymite fathers were appointed to accompany Las Casas, and to see that the regulations were carried into effect, while power was granted him that would add to his influence and assist him in his work. Very appropriately he received the title "Protector of the Indians"—a name and position which he adorned by his energy, rectitude and love. Despite the help thus granted, obstacles seemed to crowd faster upon him. The Fathers deemed it prudent, after landing in the country, to favour the governor and judges, and the well-devised schemes for ameliorating the condition of the oppressed were trampled under foot. Heroic was the demeanour of the noble soul during this season, pregnant with bitter scorn and hate. Alone, despised and pursued by friend and foe, lust, greed and injustice frowning upon him, the light of God was his guard and guide. Hoping against hope, he returned to Spain to complain of the actions of his ecclesiastical brethren and to secure further aid. The wise and humane Regent lay upon his deathbed, and the expected blessing was deferred. Charles V. was too much engrossed with the duties of his realm to give heed to the wants of his western colony. European wars and home interests engrossed all his time and attention. The Indian question was laid aside, the Jeronymite fathers were recalled, and Las

Casas departed for the New World well-nigh broken down in spirit and hope. Hope for the Indian there seemed none. Slavery or extermination seemed to be the watchword of the Spanish colonists. In the bitterness of his soul, he entered the Dominican monastery at Hispaniola, determined to lead a monastic life. Eight years were spent in this place, but still the missionary fire burned deep and strong within his soul. Taking with him two fellow-priests, he started on a mission to Peru. There difficulties met him, as of old. The Viceroy who had been sent to enforce the laws relating to the Indians, after doing his utmost, was taken prisoner by the local authorities and sent home to Spain. Ultimately justice was granted to the Indians. The law relating to the regulating of compulsory labour was enforced. They might hire for wages, but it must be voluntary. They could be employed in the rainy districts in the cultivation of cocoa, but as many suffered from disease and died through exposure and the unhealthy toil, none were permitted to send them to labour without supplying them with a change of clothes.

The zealous missionary contended with the authorities and the colonists in seeking to secure the legal rights of the Indians. Sometimes success attended his efforts, but generally he was baffled in his nobler designs. His chief aim in life was to instruct the natives in the doctrines of the Christian faith. Columbus took with him twelve priests, and he states in regard to his second voyage that he was sent "to see the way that should be taken to convert the Indians to our holy faith." Ferdinand stated that this was the chief object of the conquest, and Queen Isabella sought earnestly to accomplish this purpose. Poverty in Spain and the gold discovery in the New World caused the leading actors to forget for a time their religious aims, and the Indians, who were generally docile and consented willingly to embrace the new faith, fled from their teachers and conquerors, pagans at heart though Catholics in form.

The noble efforts of Las Casas in seeking to secure the abolition of slavery were unsuccessful, although he obtained privileges for his adopted people that ultimately prevailed in granting them their rights.

Columbus bestowed and sold slaves only to relieve himself during financial troubles in connection with his expeditions. The influence of Queen Isabella prevented the committal of gross outrages against the Indians. The liberties of the natives were asserted, but as they had been cruelly treated by the

Spaniards, they shunned their presence. Men were needed to labour, and authority was given to compel the natives to labour for whatever wages their employers thought was right. The governors made grants of slaves to persons who were only under obligation to see that they were taught the Roman Catholic faith. The Government used the system as an easy means of paying debt, and rewarding the adherents of the King. Through the labours of Las Casas, that which might have proved a permanent institution was so thoroughly exposed that the nation groaned under its evils and found no rest, though a long period elapsed, until it was entirely abolished. A system was devised by which slaves were to be retained for one generation, and afterwards to become subjects of the Crown, but the officers who were sent to enforce the regulations were strongly opposed by the colonists, and the laws became null. Repeated attempts were made to carry them into effect, but the system remained in force for a period of two hundred and fifty years. So great was the evils of slavery that Cortez saw many of the cities of which only the sites remained. In Peru two-thirds of the men and cattle perished.

Las Casas was offered the bishopric of Cusco, but he refused it. In 1544 he was pressed strongly to become bishop of Chiapa, and after due consideration he accepted. In simple garb, and living on very plain fare, he continued his pastoral labours among his people. He refused absolution to those who owned slaves, and compelled his clergy to follow and preach the same rule. Such was his enthusiasm that he crossed the Atlantic twelve times, visiting Germany four times in the interests of his mission. Toil, danger, opposition, self-sacrifice were faithfully accepted, that he might win souls for the faith. Kings and councils were interviewed, and by his eloquence and piety he gained adherents, worked out reforms and secured blessings to the inhabitants of the new colonies in the West. He made long journeys on foot amid privation and danger, and happy was he in baptizing the children, protecting and teaching the Indians, gathering them into communities, and aiding them in all that tended to their temporal and spiritual welfare.

Peace and plenty were bestowed upon many of the Indian communities as the result of the intercessions and labours of the faithful priest.

The aged bishop, crowned with honour after performing very many years of earnest toil, bade adieu to the New World, which

had so long been his home. In 1547 he returned to Spain. We admire that noble spirit that toiled for souls amid the gold-fields of Mexico, yet enriched not himself with the wealth of the mines. Possessing a powerful influence, he used it on behalf of his Indians.

Unassuming, he refused one bishopric, accepted another after very strong persuasion, and tendered his resignation as bishop when his labours personally among the Indians were at an end. In the city of Madrid, at the advanced age of ninety-two years, he passed away to his final rest. His life and work were a blessing to the Indian population. The avarice and cruelty of the Spaniards, the system of slavery introduced and developed by Cortez, and the ecclesiastical intolerance of the successors of Las Casas, destroyed most of his work; but the enthusiasm, heroism and piety of the man are still religious stimulants, leading us to earnest labour for God and man.

BLOOD RESERVE, ALBERTA.

IDEALS.

THERE is but one bird sings like that!
From Paradise it flew,
Out to the world, with waving plumage gay,
When on creation's glad, awakening day
The morning wore the dew.

It is not nightingale or lark.
Oh, a diviner bird!
In moon-touched forests, sweet with night and dew,
In dawn-stirred meadows, when the spring goes through,
Its voice was never heard.

Its nest? In boughs of fadeless bloom,
Nowhere that we can see.
The winds have never found it, and the rain
Of wasting autumns beat the leaves in vain
On that immortal tree.

Its age—its country? No man knows.
Born for the world's delight.
No bird that goes through splendours of the dawn,
Or homeward comes, down quiet twilights drawn,
Has wings for such far flight.

Can no one find it? All the world
Is seeking it—afar.
Each in his turn has cried, "Lo, it is mine!"
Oh, bitter-sweet! Still is the joy divine
Farther than flower from star.

—*Juliet C. Marsh, in The Century.*

A PRISON SERVICE.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

As a worker in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, I was called upon to conduct the Sunday morning Gospel Service which the Association maintains at the County Jail. I had never been present at a service of the kind before, and I felt much misgiving about undertaking the duty, especially as it was well known that the jail often held, in addition to its quota of criminals awaiting or undergoing sentence, a number of insane people, placed there for safe keeping pending vacancies in the over-crowded asylum. On a lovely morning in early autumn I set out for my appointment, and as I walked slowly thither I could not help contrasting my freedom to enjoy the brightness and beauty of the day with the seclusion and close confinement of the congregation awaiting me. Strangely enough, these thoughts were presently broken in upon by a sight which showed that even on God's glorious Sabbath there were those who could not be trusted to use their liberty aright, and who were safer behind the bars of a jail than in being free to indulge their brutish propensities. Stretched out prone upon his back, with his face exposed to the full glare of the hot morning sun, lay a well-dressed young man in the heavy, helpless stupor of drunkenness; while propped up against the fence, gazing at him with besotted, bewildered face, his boon companion swayed to and fro in his, so far successful, efforts to keep from joining in his comrade's downfall. That was their way of honouring the Sabbath-day —poor degraded beings.

Arriving at the jail I summoned the warder, and, to the accompaniment of echoing footsteps, clanging doors and rattling locks, passed through long chilly corridors and up grated stairways until we reached the room where the service would be held. The first impression was hardly reassuring. I had not, of course, expected anything approaching to ordinary chapel accommodation, but I confess I was not prepared for a long white-washed, stone-flagged corridor, bounded on one side by heavy-barred windows, and on the other by still more heavy-barred cells, with an atmosphere that to one fresh from the warm sunshine seemed but little above freezing, and half-way

down its chilly length a small table drawn close to a row of backless benches. There was no time to let the surroundings impress one, however, for a heavy tramping of feet announced the advent of the congregation, and presently in they shuffled, and slunk into their seats with an awkward, conscious air that showed they were not altogether callous to the disgrace of their situation.

There were some fifteen of them in all, ranging from a mere stripling of sixteen up to a grizzled old sinner not far from sixty. Scanning them closely, I was pleased to find no really repulsive faces among them. Drink and vice had indeed written their hateful signatures legibly enough in almost every countenance, but there did not seem to be an absolutely hopeless case in the company. I took courage from this, and being further cheered by the evident interest with which they all awaited the opening of the service, my spirits began to rise, and I gave out the first hymn feeling not altogether doubtful as to getting through my task satisfactorily after all.

It would not be easy to do justice to the singing. "Moody and Sankey" was of course the book, and the airs seemed somewhat familiar, but of the words they knew nothing, and few could read sufficiently well to satisfy the exigencies of the music. As regards volume and heartiness, their efforts were indeed beyond criticism, but the result alas! was an aggregation of discords that would inevitably have split the ears of a sensitive musician. With one exception they were blissfully unconscious of their appalling cacophony, and so manifestly did they enjoy this pleasant break in the drear monotony of their lives that the temptation to laugh was easily controlled. The exception was a crafty, sharp-faced youth, who understood just enough about music to know when he sang out of tune, and thinking it a fine joke to sing as discordantly as possible, he roared out a villainous compound of tenor and bass which completely dominated the others, and rendered futile all efforts to bring them into tune.

Under these circumstances, of course, not much could be done in the way of singing, and I hastened on to the Scripture reading. As the best method of securing their attention, I made each take a Bible, and read the verses turn about. But this plan proved to be not without drawbacks. The prisoners' larking propensities, hitherto well kept in hand, now began to peep out. The wrong verses were deliberately read. Curious sub-

stitutes were provided for the simplest words. If one happened to skip a verse, or stumble at a word, half-a-dozen would hasten to his rescue with a noisy alacrity that savored more of an appetite for fun than for accuracy. Barring these little diversions, however, the reading passed off fairly well, and after another hymn I spoke to them briefly and simply upon the subject I had chosen. A more attentive audience no speaker need have wished; and this, too, despite the fact that the large majority were adherents of the Catholic Church. One countenance especially attracted me. It belonged to a broad-shouldered, well-built young fellow, whose sturdy frame betokened great capability for hard work, while the face, blanched by confinement in unsunned corridors, expressed both intelligence and determination. His crime had been the possession of stolen goods under circumstances which precluded his innocence, and his sentence was but half expired. All through the service he had behaved the best, and now his fine brown eyes were fixed steadfastly upon me, and no whispering or nudging from his neighbours availed to distract his attention. He was a great help, not only because his marked interest encouraged me, but because the example of his good behaviour was not without effect upon his companions. Still more hopeful did I feel of the service being to some purpose when, at its close, my model hearer approached me in a bashful way with a question trembling upon his lips. Ah! me—that question quickly dispelled all hopes of accomplished good, for it was nothing less than that I might give him a bit of tobacco, as he had not had a chew for many months. Had no higher motive than the chance of tempting me into the unwary violation of a rule under which I would henceforth have been excluded from the jail, been the inspiration of this exemplary behaviour? It is hard to say.

The men having shuffled reluctantly to their own quarters, I climbed another grated staircase to the women's ward, where, they told me, several unfortunates were eagerly awaiting a visit. Received by a stalwart, stern-visaged matron, I was ushered into a corridor precisely the same as the one just left, only perhaps a little sunnier. Six women, all of middle age, sat upon a long bench placed against the wall. On attempting to open a conversation with the one nearest me I met with a reception that was decidedly disconcerting, for by way of answer to my question she burst out into violent laughter, swaying to and fro upon the

bench as though quite unable to restrain her risibilities. I was altogether taken aback by this unexpected treatment, when one of the other women, seeing my discomfiture, hastened to explain that the laugher was a poor idiot, placed there not for crime but for safety, until room could be found for her in the insane asylum. In spite of remonstrances, and even by no means tender slaps from the others, the poor creature continued her noise until at last, by the matron's command, she was hustled off to the dark cell at the farther end of the corridor, from which cheerless place her pitiful laughter issued at intervals so long as I remained.

Order having thus been restored, I had opportunity to scan more closely the five faces now looking expectantly into mine. There was not a really unprepossessing countenance among them. Looking at them casually, save for the prison uniform, they might well have been respectable wives and mothers. But the same sad story of drink and degradation belonged to each, modified only by the differences in the crimes to which it had led. They made a pathetic picture as, ranged on their long hard bench against the whitewashed wall, clad in the unlovely prison garb, they listened, with down-cast eyes but open ears, to the singing and speaking. None of them seemed able to sing, and I was therefore spared the ear-piercing discord which had characterized that part of the service among the men. And it need hardly be said their conduct during the speaking was unexceptionable. They did not often raise their eyes, but when they did, their sorrowful, almost despairing, expression was inexpressibly touching. Fall as low as she may, there is ever a chord in woman's heart that readily responds to the touch of tenderness and sympathy. While among the men a determination not to be impressed by the speaker's words was clearly manifest, among the women it seemed as though each listener sought to appropriate them to herself. In conversation with them afterward I was much struck by the unquestioning submission to their fate they evidenced. No querulous complainings, no hintings as to injured innocence, but, on the other hand, a ready promise to reform, whose sincerity it was hard to doubt.

Coming away from the jail, and meeting group after group of well-dressed, cheerful, chatty people returning to their comfortable homes from the morning service, the sombre impressions made by the scenes just witnessed were pleasantly conjured away. Yet this question remained—and it is with me still—Do

we Christians who, by virtue of our superior Gospel privileges, have been saved from falling into like condemnation with the inmates of that jail—do we fulfil our whole duty towards our less fortunate brothers and sisters? How far do we exert ourselves to save them from falling; or, having fallen, how often do we extend the helping hand to set them once more upright? The heaven-born, heaven-blessed causes of religion and temperance are ever calling for recruits, and if our zeal be flagging I know no better spur than may be gained by attendance at a prison service.

MARINE DEPARTMENT, Ottawa.

THE SHEEPFOLD.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

A SILENT church on a lonely hill;
Beside it a grass-grown way
To the clustering gravestones, white and still,
Where the dead, forgotten, lay.

Green was the grass above their sleep,
And the crowding violets blue:
And amidst them all, in his slumber deep,
Lay the good old pastor, too.

I thought of a shepherd, far away,
On the star-lit Syrian plain,
Asleep with his sheep, till dawn of day
Shall waken them all again.

Such as the shepherds, long ago,
Who guarded their flocks by night,
And woke when the heavens were all aglow
With the choral angels' light.

But never shall those who slumber here,
To the Christmas chorus spring;
Never in awe and wonder hear
The Christmas angels sing.

Yet when the Master of sheepfolds calls,
When the last great dawn shall break;
And His voice from the heavenly pasture falls,
"My shepherds and sheep, awake!"

These dead shall waken, their King to greet,
And the shepherd's answer be,
"Here am I, Lord, beneath Thy feet,
And the sheep that Thou gavest me."

—*Sunday School Times.*

BETWEEN TWO LOVES.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER VIII.—ANTHONY ASKE'S REVENGE.

It is a finer thing to conciliate an enemy than to conquer one; but Jonathan Burley did not make any such consideration. He felt himself to have "bested" his son-in-law, and he kept reiterating that "he was not afraid of him." What could Aske do to him? He did not believe there was law enough in England to make Eleanor live with her husband if she did not want to do so. True, Aske might divorce her; but the irate father answered the thought promptly, "Let him do it! He'll have to give her back her money, and she'll get a better husband, easy enough. And as for what folks say—*that* for it," and he snapped his fingers defiantly at the supposed gossip.

The day had been a wretched one to the undutiful wife; and she had almost determined to tell her father she would go back to her husband and her own home. But the first words Jonathan said convinced her that her repentant resolution had come too late.

"Aske was at t' mills to-day, Eleanor."

"What did he say?"

"What did he say? I hardly know, I was that mad at him; but I know what I said. I called him a liar, a double liar; and I told him thou niver should go back to him; and I dared him to do his worst to me."

"Oh, father! father! I am so sorry."

"Sorry? What's t' matter now, pray? I thought that was what thou wanted."

"I—I don't know."

"Well, if iver! Thou caps all t' women I have come across. Now mind, Eleanor! Thou can't play fast and loose wi' thy father. Thou brought thy quarrel to me, and I hev lifted it; and I mean to fight it out. And make up thy mind to another thing—Anthony Aske has turned his back on thee forever; and thou'lt just hev to lay upon t' bed thou hes made for thysen."

"Father, I have you, and there is nobody so loving and so true as you are."

"Now thou talks sensible. We got along as happy as could be before that fellow came between us, and we can do without him varry well indeed for t' future."

She stooped and kissed her father for answer, and he held

her white jewelled hands and stroked them fondly, and felt again very decidedly that he had "bested" his enemy. Still, as the sweet spring days went by there was a weight upon them. Eleanor was loving and lovely, and she gave to Jonathan's life the sweet womanly flavour he always longed for, but the joy of her presence was like the joy of forbidden pleasure or the sweetness of stolen fruit.

And Anthony Aske's vengeance did not tarry. Jonathan had thought over his own ground carefully, and he had not been able to find any vulnerable place in his life for Aske's attack, excepting through Eleanor, and he imagined he was well prepared on that side. Nor did Anthony at first see in what precise way his father-in-law was to be ruined. But if there was a man in Yorkshire who was able to open his eyes to whatever advantages he had, his lawyer, Matthew Rhodes, was that man, and the very next morning he drove into Leeds to see him.

Rhodes was a very large man; he had an eye like the eagle's, piercing and yet cold; and a neck and head thick and aggressive as a bull's. He was a close and eager partisan, and a good fighter for any cause he espoused. Indeed, he loved a desperate fight, and had been frequently known to defend a criminal whose case appeared to be hopeless for the simple delight such forlorn legal struggle gave him.

"Good morning, squire," he said; "what can I do for you to-day?"

"I have a quarrel on hand, Rhodes. I want you to fight with me."

"Hum! Who is it with, squire? And what is it about?"

"It is with Jonathan Burley."

Then Rhodes became interested at once. "Your father-in-law, squire?"

"Exactly. It is about my wife. Listen!" and Anthony went over the whole affair, carefully.

"Do you want a divorce?"

"No, no, no! I will not give up my wife."

"There is her dowry, you know, and—"

"I am not thinking of money."

"Is it revenge, then?"

"Yes; it—is—revenge! I want to ruin Burley."

"You are sure you mean it? Quite sure, squire?"

"I never was more in earnest about anything."

"Are you afraid of spending money for this object?"

"No. I'll spend it freely."

"Hundreds?—thousands?"

"Tens of thousands, if necessary."

"Then I understand you. Leave me for an hour to think it over, when you come back, and I will tell you what to do."

When Aske returned Rhodes had entered fully into his

client's quarrel. Indeed he had wrought himself so completely to Anthony's mood, that Burley had become almost personally offensive to him. The squire felt the accord at once, and the two men sat down together.

"You have been badly treated, Aske—shamefully treated, disgracefully treated, by both Burley and his daughter."

"Leave my wife out of the question. I prefer that she should not be named.

"Very well; Burley ought to be punished—severely punished. To come between a man and his wife is a crime, squire; and I'm sorry the law finds no adequate punishment for it. There *is* no adequate punishment, so we must take the law somewhat in our own hands; and I think we can make Burley smart. Yes, I really think we can! If I remember right he bought the land on which his mill stands from your father?"

"Yes, he did."

"And the land above it is still yours?"

"Both above and below."

"Never mind that which is below. You own the land above it, as far up the stream as Black Force?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then build a mill upon it. Build as large a mill as you can, and fill it with the newest and finest machinery."

"I see what you mean, Rhodes; but I don't want to meddle with trade and spinning. I am a county gentleman, and my ancestors—"

"I want you to do nothing the 'ancestors' will object to. You need not appear at all. I know the man who will attend to the business for you."

"But that would be a mere question of competition; and it is likely Burley would have the best of it. He is clever in business, and he has the reputation of being clever. Everything is in his favour. I do not believe I could injure him in that way; and I might injure myself."

"Squire, you don't see as far through a stone wall as I thought you could," and he stooped forward and said a few words in a lower voice to Anthony.

Then the squire leaped to his feet with a laugh. "Thank you, Rhodes," he cried; "the plan is capital. No one but you would ever have dreamed of such a revenge."

"But my thoughts must depend on your money."

"Draw upon me for all you require; and, remember, I am impatient. Do not lose an hour."

"It isn't my way. You can go home, squire; you will not have long to wait for the declaration of war."

Rhodes kept his word. Within a week a large force of men had begun to dig the foundations for another mill, higher up the stream than Burley's. Jonathan winced at the coming com-

petition ; but he had not, during the months it was in process of erection, any idea of the deeper wrong that was to follow.

But it was bad enough to see the edifice growing as rapidly as unstinted money and labour could produce it ; and it soon became an almost intolerable eyesore to him. Aske never appeared in the new enterprise. A man from Halifax, called Sykes, was the nominal proprietor ; but Burley knew well whose money and power was behind him. And Sykes, too, was a blustering, hectoring fellow, whose manner was especially offensive to Jonathan—a very Mordecai passing his mill-gates.

When the new mill-building was completed it was filled with machinery and looms of the best description ; and such high wages were offered to first-class hands as speedily robbed Burley of most of his fine workers. Almost every day there was some irritation of this kind ; and the rivalry between the two masters—Burley and Sykes—soon began to infect all their hands ; so that the "letting out" every night was a turbulent scene of ill words, too often ending in blows. And it was not many weeks before a spirit of hatred and quarrelling entered every cottage, and in some cases separated friends and families.

At this point Aske's real motive was manifested. One morning a large body of men were observed at work upon the stream. They were engaged in building a lock. Burley was naturally very indignant. Sykes, in his insolent way, said "their machinery would at times need more water than the ordinary 'run' would afford ; and in such circumstances they would be obliged to 'lock' the water for a supply."

"That will allow you at any time to shut off my supply of water, and so virtually to stop my mill. It is an outrage ! You have no right to 'lock' a mill-stream," said Burley, passionately, "and I will appeal to the law to protect me."

"And if the law orders me to remove the 'lock' I will do it. Not till," answered Sykes, turning on his heel indifferently.

But going to law was a remedy as bad as the disease ; and Burley began to perceive that it was exactly what Aske had been driving him to. For Aske knew well that he had no right to "lock" a mill-stream ; and he knew also that the law would not sustain him in such an act; but all the same, during the trial of the case—which might be indefinitely prolonged—Burley could be effectually and permanently crippled in business.

Months of terrible anxiety followed. Burley, deprived of reliable water-power, found himself unable to fill orders with any degree of punctuality. The prosecution of his case took all his spare time and money. He was going to financial ruin at a frightful pace. Every small loss paved the way for a great one ; and he foresaw that when his verdict was gained he would be a ruined man. True, he could then sue Aske for damages ; but weary and impoverished, how would he be able to go through another prolonged litigation.

At first the wicked injustice of the whole scheme for his ruin almost made him insane. He went about his mill like a baited wild beast: there were hours when even Ben Holden kept out of his way. All the worst points of Jonathan's character were developed by such an ordeal, for he had a distinct under-consciousness that it was of his own bringing on; that he had wilfully taken a bad road; and that just so long as he chose to pursue it, he need not expect to meet with any good.

He saw the business of which he was so proud, which he had built up by years of industry and prudence, decreasing day by day. No amount of skill or intelligence or caution could avert its decay. He loved his money. Every shilling of it had been honestly made, and was a testimony to his integrity. He felt keenly that he was being "rogued out of it" with a slow, implacable persistence that he could neither resist nor escape. All his life's labour was going at a sacrifice, and his foes hid themselves behind the bulwark of the law, and from that vantage-ground baited him into an agony of imprudent struggles against the iniquity of their injustice.

In a very short time after the lawsuit began it usurped every faculty and feeling of Jonathan's nature. He had no time for anything but the unnatural fight upon which he had entered. He resigned his management of the chapel affairs, and soon became irregular in all those public religious duties which had once been such a delight to him. Ben watched the mill with a vigilant eye, but in spite of every effort the number of looms at work gradually decreased. Jonathan could not bear to see it, and he seldom went through the weaving-sheds.

Even the sympathy of his "hands," manifesting itself in a subdued manner, or by a more marked respect, hurt him. Besides, Sarah's face was a reproach he could not meet. In a moment's passion he had taken his daughter home and espoused her quarrel, and he quickly understood that by the act he had put another barrier between Sarah and himself. In all his subsequent proceedings he had also sacrificed her to the evil passions which were eating his own heart and substance away. As time went on he avoided her altogether. He had a dim kind of perception that Steve was doing very badly, but he did not feel as if he had either the right or the inclination to interfere again in his affairs. One day Ben Holden began to speak of him and he stopped the subject with a few curt words.

"Let Steve Benson alone, I say. When he works, pay him. When he's idle, 'dock' him. We are both going to ruin about as fast as we can; only he tak's one way, and I tak' another."

"If ta knows thou art going to ruin, for God's sake stop, Jonathan."

"Nay, I'm in for t' fight. I'll hang on till t' last moment. Does ta think I'd back out of any fight? I'm not that kind.'

"I wish ta was."

"Well, I am not."

But even the men in the thick of the battle are not to be half so much pitied as the women who sit at home, watching, watching, watching for some good coming; and weeping, because there is nothing comes but disappointment and despair. Of all the sufferers in this unhappy quarrel, Eleanor was the greatest. Certainly her father never said a word of reproach to her. But words are not the only form of speech. His gloomy, haggard face, his restlessness and silence; the gradual but constant retrenchments in the once splendidly generous household, taught her better than any lecture could have done some forcible lessons regarding wilful sin and its consequences.

The old home, which she had looked back so fondly to, had become a very different place. It was so, indeed, from the first hour of her return. Nature, even in the household and the affections, abhors a vacuum; and as soon as Eleanor married, she began to efface her place in Burley House, and order it to new ways and new hopes. Jonathan had got used to his solitary dinner, and his quiet sit with his pipe. There were very few hours in which he really regretted the company, and the dressing, dining, and merry-making which had been naturally enough a part of Eleanor's reign there.

Also, he had begun to picture to himself another woman in her place as mistress. Into all his fair, large rooms he had brought Sarah, in imagination. Her quiet movements, her calm, sweet face, her soft, homely speech, had become a part of all his dreams and hopes for the future. Do as he would, Eleanor appeared to him somewhat in the light of a guest. She had given up her place, and he could not put her in it again. Aske's wife was not altogether the same thing as his very own daughter. He would have been puzzled to define the difference: he would, very likely, have denied it; but there it was.

And Eleanor, in the same vague, indeterminate way, was sensible of it. Her rooms were precisely as she left them, but she had outgrown all their belongings. She wondered she had ever cared for the books on the shelves. The pretty furniture appeared childish in its taste, and paltry in its quality, after the splendour of her apartments in Aske Hall. She could not help a feeling of contempt for the mementoes of the very days that in her memory had been bathed in a rosy light.

So that in the earliest hours of her wicked desertion from duty, she felt that she had made a grave mistake. But alas! alas! how hard are the backward steps to a forsaken home! And after her father's open defiance of Aske the road seemed barred to her. She was powerless to struggle against the forces, internal and external, that bound her to her transgression. Then she made an effort to resume her old place in Burley House,

and among the society which she had been wont to gather there. But she was no longer a bright young girl surrounded by lovers, with the glory of a high social position before her. She was a deserted wife, with a shadow upon her name.

In the heyday of her youth and beauty and prosperity, she had not been very careful of other women's feelings, and she did not find them in her trouble inclined to return good for evil. Very few ladies called upon her. The gentlemen she met treated her with restraint and evident disapproval, or else with a sympathy that was still more painful and offensive.

It was Jane Bashpoole's hour of revenge, and she used it pitilessly against her rival. The story of the sapphire necklace, set in Miss Bashpoole's own designing, passed from lip to lip. "Poor Cousin Anthony" was the subject of her commiseration, and without a dissenting feminine vote Eleanor was adjudged unworthy of the love and position which he had given her. And though Squire Bashpoole said few words about the matter, every single word, and every shrug of his broad shoulders, condemned his nephew's wife. And the county gentlefolks wondered "how Aske could expect anything else from people who had only their money to recommend them, and who had not been taught through generations of culture the self-restraints of good birth and good breeding."

A month after the quarrel began, Aske left Yorkshire; but the work of his revenge went steadily on. Still, few things grow desperate at once. For months, Burley had intervals in which he not only disregarded but defied his enemy. "He'll get more than he's building for, Ben," he would say, after an unusually prosperous week. "If he thinks he can take my business from me, he's a bit mistaken! Who's Sykes of Halifax? Nobody knows him. Jonathan Burley, he's a good name from t' Tweed to t' Thames."

But from the hour in which Aske's tactics developed themselves in the "locked stream," Jonathan plainly foresaw his financial ruin; and the conflict resolved itself into that desperate despairing pertinacity which makes soldiers hold a fort they know must be surrendered; or doctors struggle with a cancer they are certain will, in the end, destroy life.

It was the facing of this hopeless fight which made Burley hard and parsimonious. He wanted every shilling to continue it as long as possible, and he began retrenchment first in his home. All his horses were sold but the one roadster he needed for his gig; all the servants dismissed but such as were absolutely necessary to prevent things from going to waste. Eleanor, who was fond of luxurious appointments, and especially of rich clothing, found it no light addition to her sorrows to learn the want of money, and to be compelled to fold over her aching heart faded and shabby silk.

One night, nearly three years after she had left Aske, Elea-

nor was standing at the window just at gloaming. It was the month of March, and the ground was white, and the trees restlessly tossing their bare branches above the neglected avenue. All was still in the house, all was still in the park, except the cawing of the rooks, sailing homeward in straggling flight. Never had Eleanor been so conscious of the punishment of her sin as during that dreary day. Her father, full of trouble and anxiety, had gone to York, and had forgotten to bid her "good-by." She had long felt that she was a trouble to the two women-servants, and that they heartily wished her in her own home. All outside sympathy for her was long ago dead. She was utterly forsaken and forlorn.

She was weeping silently, and almost unconsciously, when the housemaid, a woman of forty years old, entered the room with coals to replenish the fire. Eleanor's white cheeks and hopeless air made the woman sorry for her. She set down the empty scuttle, and said, "Mistress Aske, I am grieved for thee. Why doesn't thou go and mak' up with thy husband? Depend upon it, he'll niver be able to say a cross word to thee."

"Oh, thank you, Martha! You are the only person that has had a kind word for me for so long! I would go to the squire if I knew where he was. I think I would go to the end of the world if I could only put an end to this trouble."

"Nay, then, thou need only go to thy own place. T' Squire came home yesterday; and varry old and bad he looks, so Jane Arkroyd says. I'd tell Jimmy to drive thee over to Aske, and for thy own sake and for Master Burley's sake, I'd try and put a stop to a' this worritting and waste o' good brass."

"I have a great mind to take thy advice, Martha. I am sure it is good advice. But I won't have Jimmy. If I go, no one but you shall know; then, if I fail, I am sure you will keep my fresh sorrow and shame in your own heart."

"I don't believe thou will fail; and if ta does, I'll niver say a word about it to any one. Thou can't walk to Aske, though, and in t' dark, too."

"Yes, I can. It is only four miles over the common. Many an afternoon I walk double that, without any motive but to tire myself to sleep. I'll go now, Martha; I won't wait until to-morrow. It may be wet then, and a day may make all the difference between too late and not too late."

She dressed carefully, and covered herself with one of the large mantles then worn. In a little more than an hour she was at the gates of Aske Park. It was quite dark and the gates were shut, and she had no alternative but to ring the bell and take old Geoffrey into her confidence. He listened to her with reluctance. "T' squire will never forgive me, mistress," he said, "and I doan't think it kind in thee to put an owd man like me in such a box."

"But let me warm myself at your fire, Geoffrey. I am damp and cold."

He was not able to resist this plea, and when he saw how three years of suffering had changed her, his heart was troubled for the woman he had first seen in all the pride and joyousness of her bridehood.

"I won't harm you, Geoffrey. I only want to see my husband—to see if there is any chance of him forgiving me."

"Now then, mistress, thou talks well. Go thy ways, and God bless thee!"

She walked rapidly through the park, and as she neared the house she saw there were lights in the small dining-parlour. The blinds were not drawn, but before the windows there was a clump of thick laurel-trees. It was Anthony's custom, when he dined alone, to smoke his cigar on the terrace before the drawing-room, and she meant to watch behind the shrubs until he came out. Then she could approach him unseen by the servants, and she thought that if Anthony was left without anything to consider but the forgiveness she meant to plead for, he would not turn her away.

Cautiously she advanced to the laurel-bushes, and peered through them into the room. Matthew Rhodes was sitting with Aske. They were smoking and talking with great earnestness. The table was covered with papers, and Eleanor observed her husband's face darken as he examined them. She guessed rightly enough that they were bills of expenses, and probably their amount staggered even Anthony's conception of the value of such a revenge as he was taking; for he soon rose, and began to walk about the room in a mood whose concentrated passion she was quite familiar with. Rhodes terrified her. She had never seen the man before, but she had heard many a story of his relentless persecution of those whom he hated, and his dark heavy face made her shrink back trembling into the covert of the laurels. She did not dare to call Anthony's attention while Rhodes was near him. Shivering with cold and sick with fear, she waited and waited until the two men went out of the room together.

Perhaps Anthony might come on to the terrace now. She lingered for another half-hour, until she had no longer any strength or courage left. Then, with slow and painful steps, she went back to the keeper's lodge. He let her in without a word; and she stood a few minutes by his fire, and dried and warmed her wet, cold feet. Her wretched face, her pallor, and silent, heavy weeping, commanded his pity. He asked her no questions, but quietly put a cup of milk and a slice of bread-and-meat on the table. With a look of gratitude she drank the milk, and then, weeping bitterly, went out again into the dark, and so across the lonely common dividing Aske from Burley on the northern side.

The Higher Life.

IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE.

BY REV. HENRY BURTON, B.A.

In the secret of His presence
I am kept from strife of tongues;
His pavilion is around me,
And within are ceaseless songs!
Stormy winds, His work fulfilling,
Beat without but cannot harm,
For the Master's voice is stilling
Storm and tempest to a calm.

In the secret of His presence
Jesus keeps, I know not how;
In the shadow of the highest
I am resting, hiding now!

In the secret of His presence
All the darkness disappears;
For a sun that knows no setting
Throws a rainbow on my tears.
So the days grows ever lighter,
Broad'ning to the perfect noon;
So the way grows ever brighter,
Heaven is coming, near and soon.

In the secret of His presence
Nevermore can foes alarm;
In the shadow of the Highest,
I can meet them with a psalm;
For the strong pavilion hides me—
Turns their fiery darts aside,
And I know whate'er betide me,
I shall live, because He died!

In the secret of His presence
In a sweet, unbroken rest:
Pleasures, joys, in glorious fulness
Making earth like Eden blest;
So my peace grows deep and deeper,
Wid'ning as it nears the sea,
For my Saviour is my Keeper,
Keeping mine, and keeping me!

Holiness.

Some pray for holiness as if it were something entirely apart from their every-day life, something that had nothing to do with their conduct in their domestic, social and business relations. They sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," with glowing fervour, but never think that the prayer can be answered only by the uplifting of their own lives to the plane of God's requirements. Holiness is not a mere sentiment, not a vague vision of glory overhanging us like a silver cloud, not a rapture nor an ecstasy, not something that God sends down to wrap us like a garment in its radiant folds. If being holy means anything at all, it means being true, honest, upright, gentle, kind and unselfish.—*S. S. Times.*

To which we say "Amen," with all our heart. But the kind of holiness the *Sunday-school Times* believes in, and many others as well, is the kind we are always seeking and never

obtaining. Their prayer is, "O Lord, help me to live a holy life." "More holiness give me." "Give me a deeper work of grace." "Help me to be patient." "Help me strive to always speak loving words, and exercise charity." Bible holiness is love, joy, peace, patience, meekness and humility, springing spontaneously from the presence of the Holy Spirit in the heart, renewing and sanctifying it. Two kinds of religion are being preached in the churches of to-day. One kind cries, "God help me to be good." The other prays, "God make me good." One advises people to live right, the other exhorts people to get right; the difference is as broad as that between locomotion by a hand-car and a passage in a Pullman. Get the best.—*Witness.*

Backsliding.

Backsliding begins in the life of any Christian as soon as he ceases to grow in grace or in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Our life is in the course of this world; and the instant we give over the upward and forward movement the current begins to carry us downward. At first it may not be perceptible; the dead point must be overcome; but thence afterward the backward movement is sure to be rapid and strong. Let that Christian fear for his spiritual welfare the moment he gives over regular communication with God by means of the Word of God and prayer. The temptation to relax in both these exercises is very great, except in the case of those who have gotten into the love of the Word and into the delight of prayer. Few Christians are aware of the peril they expose themselves to spiritually when they find that prayer has ceased to be an habitual exercise with them, and that the Word of God has ceased to have a daily place in their thoughts and meditations. It is very easy to give over Bible reading; more easy than to cease to pray; but one will not long continue in prayer after he has ceased to read his Bible. God speaks to us through His Word, and we speak to God by prayer. It follows that communication between the soul and God is mutual. It is difficult to keep up conversation with an earthly friend who never speaks a word in return to us. It is equally difficult to continue spiritual conversation with God if we refuse to allow Him to speak back to us. Indeed we must give God the lead in communion, else will we fail in matter of communion, and our desires and delights will cease in the Godward direction.—*The Independent.*

John Wesley's Experience of Sanctification.

When I was about twenty-two I set apart an hour or two a day for religious retirement. I began to aim at, and pray for, inward holiness. Meeting now with Mr. Laws' "Christian Perfection" and "Serious Call," they convinced me more than ever of the exceeding height and breadth and depth of the law of God. The light glowed in so mightily upon the soul that everything appeared in a new view. I cried to God for help. In 1727, I more explicitly resolved to be all devoted to God in body, soul and spirit. In 1730, I began to study comparatively no book but the Bible, and I groaned to love God with all my heart, and to serve Him with all my strength.

On May 24th, 1738, in the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangly warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ alone for salvation, and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death. I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart.

Oct. 6, 1738. I dare not say that I am a new creature in this respect, for other desires often rise in my heart; but they do not reign. I put them all under my feet through Christ which strengthened me. Therefore, I believe, He is creating me anew in this also, and that He has begun, though not finished, His work. Upon the whole, although I have not yet that joy in the Holy Ghost nor the full assurance of faith, much less am I, in the full sense of the words, "in Christ a new creature." I nevertheless trust that I have a measure of faith, and am accepted in the beloved. I trust that I am reconciled to God through His Son.

In 1738 (the year in which he received this great blessing), I expressed my desire in these words:

> "O grant that nothing in my soul
> May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;
> Oh may Thy love possess me whole,
> My joy, my treasure, and my crown;
> Strange flames far from my heart remove,
> My every act, word, thought, be love."

And I am persuaded that this is what the Lord Jesus hath

bought for me with His own blood. The whole of the hymn is the language of a soul deeply convicted of inbred impurity, and intensely longing for full deliverance. In it he says:

> "More hard than marble is my heart,
> And foul with sins of deepest stain;
> But Thou the might Saviour art,
> Nor flowed thy cleansing blood in vain;
> Ah, soften, melt this rock, and may
> Thy blood wash all these sins away!"

In 1744, in the evening, while I was reading prayers at Snowsfield, I found such light and strength as I never remember to have had before. I saw every thought, as well as action or word, just as it was rising in my heart, and whether it was right before God or tainted with pride or selfishness.

I waked the next morning, by the grace of God, in the same spirit; and about eight, being with two or three that believed in Jesus, I felt such an awe and tender sense of the presence of God as greatly confirmed me therein; so God was before me all day long. I sought and found Him in every place, and could truly say, when I lay down at night, Now I have lived a day.

In 1765, he writes to an opponent: "The main point between you and me is perfection; this you say, 'I should think it my duty to oppose with my whole strength as a dangerous mistake which appears to be subversive of the very foundation of Christian experience.' Now, whether you desire this blessing or not, is it not an astonishing thing that you should be disgusted at me for expecting it, and that they should persuade one another that this hope is subversive of the very foundations of Christian experience. Why, then, whosoever retains it cannot possibly have any Christian experience at all. Then my brother, Mr. Fletcher, and I, and thirty thousand more, who seem to both fear and love God, are in reality children of the devil. In God's name, show me by plain, strong reasons what dishonour this hope does to Christ, wherein it opposes justification by faith."

In 1771, he writes: "Many years since I saw that without holiness no man shall see the Lord. I began by following after it. Ten years after, God gave me a clearer view than I had before how to obtain it, namely, by faith in the Son of God, and immediately I declared to all, 'we are saved from sin, we are

made holy by faith.' This I testified in private, in public, in print, and God confirmed it by a thousand witnesses."

In 1761-3, Mr. Wesley wrote to Bell and Owen, "You have over and over denied instantaneous sanctification; but I have known and taught it above these twenty years. I have continually testified for these five-and-twenty years in private and public, that we are sanctified as well as justified by faith. It is the doctrine of St. Paul, the doctrine of St. James, of St. Peter, and St. John; and no otherwise Mr. Wesley's than it is the doctrine of every one who preaches the pure and whole Gospel.

"I tell you as plain as I can speak, where and when I found this. I found it in the oracles of God, in the Old and New Testament, when I read them with no other view or desire than to save my own soul."

THE PERFECT GIFT.

'Tis said where Strasburg's glorious spire
Its sculptured beauty lifts on high,
One lovely, polished stone is found,
Though now unseen by mortal eye.

Long years agone—when love and zeal
Aspired the holy fane to raise—
A peasant woman longed to aid
In building up God's house of praise.

Over one stone her loving care
For many a weary year was poured,
Till, bowed with age, at last she brought
Her finished offering to the Lord.

"Too late," the builder kindly said,
"Your offering comes; no place below
Is left in which your polished stone
Its beauties to the world can show.

"Far up upon the lofty spire
One little niche is left to hold
Your gift, but ah! no human eye
Your work of love can there behold!"

A smile lit up the old, worn face;
"That niche is just the place for me—
My stone will meet the eyes I love—
The angels and my Lord can see."

THE MISSIONARY PROBLEM.*

BY ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

"Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King."—PSALM xcvi. 10.

IT may be said with truth that the duty of missions began with the Fall. The Fall of man, whatever it was and however it occurred, betrayed the fact that two vast antagonistic forces, good and evil, light and darkness, blessing and cursing, life and death, were struggling for the possession of man's soul and for his eternity. How this was is an insoluble mystery. We only know that man proved to be a recreant, that he lost his heritage of heaven, and that he bore the dread penance of his self-chosen bondage to the world-rulers of this darkness; the world sank into transgression and idolatry; lust and hate overshadowed its apostate kingdoms with their obscene and blood-stained wings. That is the history of the Fall; but it began also with the history of the Redemption. If from the first the Fall lay in the Divine fore-knowledge, so also did the Incarnation. From the first the wretched pair who lost innocence were saved by hope. Even to Eve came the promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. Ages of ignorance were one long prophecy of, and one long preparation for, the coming Christ.

"Oh, loving wisdom of our God,
When all was sin and shame,
The Second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came!

"Oh, generous love, that He who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

"And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die."

My friends, if a man disbelieve all this he has no part nor lot in this matter; but he who does believe the reality of the Fall and of the Incarnation will need no argument on the duty of missions, and the more England believes it, the more will she press forward in the work, till the cherubim, with the sword of flame which turns every way, should marvel and rejoice at the holy audacity with which the nations of the redeemed come pressing into a paradise regained, smiling at the harmless menace of that waving flame.

The Gospel is nothing more or less than the hidden meaning of the world. Without it the life of a man is but as a tale is told by an idiot—full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. But what is the strength, what is

*Preached in Westminster Abbey, Sunday, February 6th, 1887.

the essence of all that we call the Gospel? Not a pompous ceremonial, not an elaborately-articulated and furiously-anathematizing theology, not an imposing and self-asserting hierarchy; the strength, the centre of the Gospel is Christ—not a dead Christ, but a living Christ; not a sectarian Christ, but a universal Christ; not a Levitical Christ, but a spiritual Christ; not a far-off Christ, who having died has delegated His work to others, but Christ—a living Presence, an abiding influence, an unerring Example, an ever-present Personality—Christ, who willeth all men to be saved, and to come to a knowledge of the truth, and who giveth to all who seek Him, to all men, of every colour, and race, and caste, and creed, free, immediate access to His Own Presence, which is the Holy of holies within the veil—access as free, as immediate, as direct, as free from all human interferences and interpositions as He gave to the weeping harlot and to the greedy publican—a Christ who having reconciled us to God by His incarnation and His cross, is with us and may be in us, in every one of us, for evermore by the Spirit whom He hath given us.

One thing, and one thing only, can regenerate the world; one thing only can do what a vulgar Mohammedanism and a dreary Buddhism and a Pharisaic formalism has not done and never can do—one thing only can make man believe in and achieve his lost ideal, and thereby re-enter his forfeited heritage: it is the support of, and the union with, the Divine Personality. The flesh, the outside, the formalism, the organism, the hierarchy, the ceremonies—these profit nothing in themselves; it is the Spirit that quickeneth. There is no law of life apart from life. The Christ Himself had been no Lawgiver unless He had given the life, too, with the law. Humanity without Christ in all the realms of heathendom has lost the fellowship of angels; it has adored devils for deities, it has reeled back into the abyss. Christ came to flash new light into its darkness, to thrill new life into this valley of dry bones; He came to re-teach to mankind what manhood is, and what is the meaning and possibility of truth, and purity, and justice; He came to save religion itself by perpetual inspirations, and the Church itself by constant resurrections, from putrefying into a dead heap of cherished illusions and out-worn traditions. Without Christ and His Gospel the universe becomes an abhorrent riddle, and man, if in some respects a little better, yet in many a little worse, than the beasts that perish.

Are you Christians? Do you believe this? If you believe that Christ came to brighten, for all mankind, the obliterated ideal of true manhood, and to found in this princedom of destruction the city of God; if you have ever felt the inestimable blessedness of possessing such a Friend, or been inspired and dilated by such hopes as those which He gives, must it not seem to you shameful selfishness if, hugging our own plank of safety amid the surges of the fiery deluge, we care nothing for the perishing nations of mankind? If Christ had never enjoined on us at all the duty of spreading His kingdom, could we abstain from doing so without disgraceful remissness? How much more when He has laid upon us His last and His express command!

During the long torpor of the Dark Ages the Church, with here and there a splendid exception, was all but dead to this glorious duty. It was with the bright and blissful Reformation that the thought of missions began to

revive. The one Puritan King of England, Edward VI., urged on his navigators the sowing of Christianity as the chief object of foreign discovery; the first subscription ever given by any Englishman for missionary purposes was one hundred pounds given by the brilliant Sir Walter Raleigh for the propagation of Christianity by his Virginian colony; the first mission enterprise of Englishmen was started in 1649 by Oliver Cromwell; the strongest and most fruitful impulse to mission work came neither from bishops nor from churchmen, but from a Baptist and a cobbler. His name was William Carey. Teaching a poor school, brooding over the map of the world which he pasted up for his geography lessons, and seeing how vast a part of the globe was covered by waste places, fertile in sorrow, exactly one hundred years ago he read, at a meeting of ministers, a paper on the duty of attempting to spread the Gospel among the heathen. At first it awoke no echo. These ministers had nothing better to say to him than that his plan was highly preposterous, and that if God wished to convert the heathen He would do so of Himself. Such was the torpid assurance of stereotyped religionism. In their ignorance they had not even observed that God works by man; that as part of His Divine government, He never does for man what can be, or ought to be done, by man. The knowledge of the world has never been poured upon it by revelation, but achieved by its own slow toil; its reformations have been wrought, not by stupendous interpositions, but by human martyrdoms.

Every great movement of moral amelioration—and, among others, missions—came from the inflashing into human consciences of a fire which not even their blood could quench, and which, in the long run, is strong enough to burst through the hide-bound traditions of ceremonials and routine. So it was with the Moravians, who, hunted into forests and mountain caves, went forth heroically with the motto, "*Vicit Agnus noster: eum sequimur:*"—"Our Lamb has conquered; let us follow Him!" and who in ten years had planted the Rose of Sharon alike in the snows of Zembla and under tropical suns. So it was in America, where a humble monument near a secluded university tells how three poor students, writing their vows in cipher, because the whole Church was then opposed to them, first bound themselves to mission labour, and so first awakened the Western hemisphere to its duties to the world. So it was in England with the greatest works of modern days. The work of education began in the obscure shop of John Pounds, a crippled shoemaker of Portsmouth; the work of modern missions began in the obscure shop of William Carey, a Baptist shoemaker at Kettering. One hundred years ago a shop boy, of fifteen, carrying for his master a parcel of books, stopped for a moment to rest in yonder transept, and burst into tears to think his life would have to be spent in carrying those heavy books; the sight of the statues of good and great men around him inspired him with fresh courage and cheerfulness, and he arose with a happier heart to go on his way. His name was William Marshman, and he grew up to join Carey, to become a famous man, to translate the Bible into twenty languages, to become in time the father-in-law of Sir Henry Havelock, who saved India for us.

What a mighty work was done by that shoemaker and that bookseller's apprentice! Those who in that day sneered that England had sent a cobbler to convert the world were the direct lineal descendants of those who sneered

in Palestine two thousand years ago, "Is not this the carpenter?" Take these two facts to the touchstone of history and test them there: that missions have been begun by individual enthusiasm, and that by God's conspicuous blessing they have been a factor of immediate importance in the history of the world. What is the whole of Old Testament history since the Deluge but the outcome of the work of one missionary, the patriarch Abraham? What was Abraham but the father of missionaries to a world which had lapsed into abominable idolatries? What were Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, Ezekiel, but missionaries, speaking now with words of quiet meekness, and now with words of fire to apostatizing nations? What, in a new apocalypse, was John the Baptist but a torch to a church of Pharisees? Then, as the centre of all history, as its explanation and its hope, to whom the prophets had looked forward with serious yearning, came the Lord and King of missionaries, lifting the gate of the centuries off its hinges with His bleeding hand, inspiring all the future, fulfilling all the past. God was His own missionary then, and every true Christian has been God's missionary since. Then came the new dispensation, and the most heroic of its sons was Paul. The great Greek poet tells us how from mountain top to mountain top the fire signals flashed announcing the fall of Troy. The Acts of the Apostles tell us how by the hands of Paul the kindling beacons flashed from city to city, and from land to land, the tidings of the redemption of mankind, till from Jerusalem and Antioch and Ephesus the courier flame leaped over the sea to burn in Philippi and Athens and Corinth and imperial Rome. At Athens only a convert or two were gained, amid universal jeers, yet a few short centuries afterwards the dreadful Acropolis had yielded her Parthenon to the humble Babe of Nazareth, and ere three centuries passed Rome had displaced her conquering eagles to place the chaplet on Him whom she had crucified as a malefactor.

In the fourth century Valens suffered two hundred thousand Goths to cross the Danube, and then his treacherous cruelty maddened them to rage. Terribly they avenged this by the tremendous battle of Adrianople, and in 410 Alaric, their king, took Rome by storm. In that hour of trouble, rebuke, and blasphemy, what was it that saved civilization itself from utter shipwreck? It was the fact that the Goths were Christians, imperfect Christians indeed, but still Christians. In the year 320 they had among them a little captive boy to whom they gave the name of Wolfilan, or the little wolf; he grew up among them in a blameless life; they loved him, and thought that the Little Wolf could do no wrong. He became their bishop, he invented their alphabet, he translated the Bible for them; in his purple and silver codex are the sole remains of the language which they spoke. What saved the Roman empire from total eclipse was just the work of one man, the missionary Wolfilan.

Once again, what made England what she is? Every child knows the story of Gregory and the fair-haired slaves in the market of Rome, the story of Augustin of Canterbury, and the conversion of ten thousand Saxons by the river Swale; and the chief glory of England has ever been that she has told it out among the heathen that God was King. What Augustin did for England Boniface did for Germany, and in modern days Carey did for India, Henry Martin for Persia, Ellis for Madagascar, Morrison for China, Marston for New Zealand, Mackenzie and Livingstone and Hannington for

Africa ; and in this Abbey, at this very day, not even the grave of Newton is dearer to thousands of visitors than the grave of the Glasgow cotton-piecer, David Livingstone, who, in the burning heat of that dark continent, died with black faces around him, far from all civilized life.

To sneer at missionaries as so cheap, and their work as so easy to do, has always been the fashion of libertines, and cynics, and worldlings. A living duke has ventured to assure us that missions are an organized hypocrisy and a deplorable failure. The charge of hypocrisy deserves only a smile of disdain ; the charge of failure, an absolute contradiction.

So far from having failed, there is no work of God which has received so absolute, so unprecedented, so disproportionate a blessing. In 1701 there were not twenty English clergymen in foreign lands ; since then, counting the American Church, which was the first-fruits of its efforts, the English Church has a hundred and thirty-eight bishops, more than five thousand clergy, more than two millions in her communion, and the Gospel preached in foreign lands in twenty times as many languages as were spoken at Pentecost. Three centuries after Christ there were but ten millions of Christians ; now there are more than four hundred and fifty millions of Christians. A century ago, if all the human race had passed before you in a long procession, only one in five would have been a Christian ; if they were to pass in procession before you now, nearly one in every two would be a Christian. In India the census shows us that Christians are at this moment increasing every decade by 86 per cent., and that though the number of missionaries, compared to the total population, is much as if you had four or five clergymen alone to teach the whole of London. To talk of missions as a failure is to talk at once like an ignorant and faithless man.

Let me, as swiftly as I possibly can, give you one or two reasons why missions are specially incumbent at this moment upon this nation.

First, they are incumbent on us because we owe to them immeasurable benefits. I throw in without estimate all that missions have done for the cause of science, though there is scarcely one single science that does not owe to them an immense advance, and though this alone would amply repay what has been spent on them ; I throw in without estimate all that they have done for the cause of civilization, though not less a witness than Charles Darwin said that the lesson of the missionary was the enchanter's wand ; I throw in without estimate all that they have done for the diminution of human misery, the suppression of war, the spread of commerce, the abolition of execrable cruelties, though cannibalism, and suttee, and infanticide have disappeared before them : but among other little trifles, I say it is to missions you owe the colonization of America and the safety of your Indian Empire. As for America, missions were prominent in the hearts of the Pilgrim Fathers. The colony of Plymouth was a missionary colony, and is so to this day. On the seal of the charter of the great State of Massachusetts you may see the device which they adopted in 1629—the device of an Indian standing erect with an arrow in his hand, and the motto, "Come over and help us."

And missions, as they caused for you the colonization of America, saved for you the British Empire in India. "It is Christ," says Keshub Chunder Sen—and you could have no more unprejudiced witness—"and not the

British Government, that rules India. Our hearts," he says, speaking for his countrymen, "have been conquered, not by armies, not by your gleaming bayonets and fiery cannon, but by a higher and different power, and that power is Christ; and it is for Jesus," he adds, "and for Jesus only, that we will give up the precious diadem of India." Without missions the sagacity of Lawrence and the consecrated courage of Havelock would have been in vain. We are indebted more to William Carey, and the £13 2s. 6d. which was the first sum subscribed for him than we are to all the heroism and cunning of Clive and to all the genius and rapacity of Warren Hastings.

And, secondly, missions are incumbent on us because to us of this British race God has undoubtedly assigned the whole future of the world. Before a century is over, English-speaking peoples will be one-third of the whole human race. From these little islands have sprung the millions of America, of Australasia, of colonies which are empires on which the sun never sets. In this century alone the races which read our English Bible have multiplied fivefold. In 1786 our English race numbered only twenty-two millions; now, in 1887, our English race numbers more than one hundred and thirteen millions. Why is it that God has so enlarged Japhet? Was it for the benefit of brewers and gin distillers? Was it that the coffers of our merchants might burst with their accumulated hoardes? We must be blind if we fail to see the true reason, and worse than blind if that which was first in the providence of God be only second, or third, or tenth, or nowhere in the appetites and intentions of races.

Thirdly, missions are incumbent on us because, if our numbers have increased fivefold, our wealth at the same time has increased sevenfold. I quote the late Prime Minister, than whom you could have no higher financial authority, that the present income of this nation is more than one thousand million pounds a year, and that more money has been made in England and Scotland in the last century alone than from the days of Julius Cæsar to the year 1800, and more money made from 1850 to 1870 than from 1800 to 1850. For what cause did God pour this river of gold into the coffers of our people? Was it that we should settle on our knees and live in pleasure on the earth, and abandon ourselves to a selfish and enervating luxury, and hunt after money as the first object of life, till our hearts are fat as brawn? Or was it rather that we should stand forth like that bright angel of the Lord whose face is as the sun, whose feet are as pillars of fire, whose brow is crowned with the rainbow, whose presence lightens the world, and who has the everlasting Gospel in his hands?

Fourthly, missions are incumbent upon us because, to our shame be it spoken, and I hope it will go home to the heart of every Englishman here, we have taken with us all over the world a ruinous and a clinging curse—the curse of drink. It is not the only wrong we have done, by any means. The kidnapper has gone forth from us to the sweet Pacific Isles; we were for years guilty of the execrable slave trade; the diseases we have inflicted have been bad enough, but our drink is worst of all; and as yet the conscience of this nation is as hard as the nether millstone to the fact of our guilt. Let the plain and shameful truth be spoken, that mainly because of drink our footsteps amongst savage races have again and

again been dyed in blood. The wild tribes of America, the once flourishing Hottentots and Kaffirs, the noble Maoris of New Zealand, the native tribes of Madagascar, degraded, perishing, are appealing to us in wrath and supplication. We have cursed all India with our drink and our drunkenness, and at this moment, after so short an occupation, we are cursing Egypt with them, too. We have outpoured upon these nations the vials of this plague of ours, this vice of our people, this bane and leprosy of our civilization: are we not bound to give them the antidote? There is only one course which can hush the voices which, louder and louder, are pleading, trumpet-tongued, to God, against this nation, and that is to give them the blessing and the antidote. That is the only course which can avert the omen of our crimes.

I might dwell on many more reasons, but above all the apostolic succession of heroic personalities inspired by the Spirit of God whom missions have called forth—men who even by themselves, like St. Paul, have won the purple crown of martyrdom, and shown us that there may be something higher and more heroic in religion than our religious symbols and ceremonial routine; but this only I will add—that whenever a cause is noble and is necessary, and calls for self-denial, it always evokes a mushroom crowd of epigrams expressing the wit of selfishness and of close-fisted greed. Do not be misled by the plausible hypothesis that we have too much heathenism at home to trouble about the heathenism abroad. We have heathenism at home, God knows. When long ago a member of the Massachusetts Legislature said: "We have not religion enough at home, and cannot afford to send any abroad," a wiser and sincerer man than he answered: "The religion of Christ is such that the more you send abroad the more you have at home." Millionaires in criticism are paupers in charity, strong only in selfishness and the advocacy of greed. They never do really give or intend to give anything, except their cheap and empty criticisms. We ask no aid from them. To such we say, in the words of the Apostle: "Thy money perish with thee." They who have been most in earnest in evangelising the heathen abroad are they who have been most earnest in evangelising the heathen at home.

To the spirit which has led to missions I look, in conclusion, as the main hope for our British rule and for our British religion. For our British rule because the Christian thought, the Christian tradition, the Christian society, is the true secret of imperial thought and tradition and society for all mankind. And for the British religion because it may be that the purer and simpler truths of a missionary Christianity—of Christianity in her simplest and most persuasive guise—will come back like a vernal breeze into the exotic luxuries of a more complex and pompous Christianity.

"For while the tired waves vainly breaking
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back through creeks and inlets making
Comes silent flooding in the main.
And not by Eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!—
But Westward, look! the land is bright."

Current Topics and Events.

Methodist Reunion in England.

This great movement is making steady progress in the old land. It is ground for solid satisfaction that the example of Canada, like seed sown in a kindly soil, is bringing forth fruit both in the mother country and in the distant antipodean world of Australia. After an able discussion in the New Connexion Conference, in which the full force of anti-union sentiment was exhausted, a resolution strongly in favour of union was passed by a large majority, as recorded in our last number. The closing sentence of that resolution reads as follows: "Believing that the movements towards union are the result of Divine leading and influence, the Conference instructs the annual committee for the ensuing year to maintain an attitude of friendly observation, and to avail itself of any opportunities which may arise to foster and advance the closer fellowship of the Methodist Churches."

The action of the Wesleyan body was awaited with anxious interest. It was known that some of the leading minds of the Conference were opposed to organic union with the minor bodies. It was no surprise, therefore, when the following resolution was proposed: "That whilst sincerely rejoicing in the good feeling which obtains between the Methodist New Connexion and ourselves, the Conference is constrained to affirm its unabated confidence in the principles of government distinctive of Wesleyan Methodism; and whilst prepared to give its best attention to any suggestions for preventing waste and friction in the actual working of the various sections of the Methodist Church, the Conference is bound to record that in its judgment it is undesirable at present to take any steps toward organic unity."

A resolution more distinctively favouring union was proposed by Dr. E. E. Jenkins, and earnestly supported. In order to secure virtual unanimity, both of these resolutions were withdrawn, and the following compromise resolution was carried with only three dissentient votes:

"The Conference, with profound thankfulness to the Divine Head of the Church, recognises and heartily reciprocates the Christian and brotherly feeling expressed in recent resolutions of the Methodist New Connexion and of other Methodist Churches (which have appeared in the public press). It expresses the confident hope that our own people will, by all legitimate means, strive to promote the spirit of brotherly kindness amongst all who hold the Christian faith as expounded by our venerable founder. Whilst affirming its unabated confidence in the essential principles of the government of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and whilst believing that any attempt to promote organic union is not at present desirable, the Conference is of opinion that, by mutual forbearance and consideration, some at least of the waste of labour and resources caused by the needless multiplication of Methodist chapels might be prevented. The Conference therefore appoints a committee, which shall meet during the year to consider and report as to the way by which the waste and friction in the actual working of the various sections of the Methodist Church may be lessened or prevented, and brotherly love promoted."

Our English friends are exceedingly cautious about committing themselves to this great movement. Mr. Hughes made a good point when he said that this movement must not be forced forward, neither must it be forced backward. In closing an eloquent address, he said: "They should not close the door of hope against those who longed and prayed

for the day when there would once more be only one Methodism, and when all who preached the doctrines that Wesley preached, and lived the life that Wesley lived, would gather together around his dust in City-road to bury their discord and their divisions forever."

In a vigorous editorial the *Methodist Times* remarks: "The result of the Union debate in the Methodist Conference last Friday evening was nothing less than a marvellous answer to prayer. Thousands of devout Christians had been praying that God would direct that burning and perilous discussion; but who had dared to hope for so blessed and complete an answer? We ourselves had not ventured to anticipate a triumph so complete that it inflicted no humiliation or defeat on our reasonable and high-minded opponents. The result is exactly what we have always advocated from the time it became evident that the Conference must discuss the question this year. But we approached the discussion with a heavy and anxious heart. So much had been done to misrepresent our motives and to embitter the controversy that we greatly feared the effect of a Conference debate on our own people and on the other Methodist Churches. But God lovingly rebuked our fears. Although Methodist reunion had never before been distinctly raised in the Methodist Conference during the long century of our divided existence; although this question inevitably awoke memories of strife and ill-will, the hand of God was so powerfully upon all that one of the largest Conferences that ever met accepted an honourable compromise with only three dissentient votes. It is the Lord's doing, and is marvellous in our eyes. Those who differ from us have acted in so noble and so conciliatory a manner that we should have greatly preferred to dismiss the subject without further comment, after expressing our deep and devout thankfulness to Almighty God.

"It is difficult to exaggerate the moral effect of the vote. It proved, once for all, that this movement cannot be stamped out. It must be faced and fully considered. All men will now realize that the question has entered the range of practical legislation. We have completed the first stage of the great enterprise to which God is calling us. We must now give ourselves more than ever to prayer, while we await with reverent vigilance the next indication of His adorable will."

We confidently anticipate that this great reunion movement will be carried to a successful issue in the old land, and be a cause of untold blessing, as the union movement has been in Canada. The objection made to the apprehended invasion of the "rights" of the ministry by the proposed union seems to us trivial and unfounded. When every minister becomes in fact what the Pope of Rome falsely claims to be, "The Servant of the Servants of God"—*Servos Servorum Dei*—then will he be enthroned in the hearts of the people as never before. Not by standing on their "rights," but by closest imitation of Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, will they knit to their hearts with bonds of steel the sympathies of the laity, and go forward in the work of the Lord with the blessed feeling, "We be brethren."

In the United Methodist Free Church, the union question also came prominently to the front, and the following resolution was passed after a frank and full discussion: "Resolved, that this Assembly records its thanks to Almighty God for the increasing manifestations of brotherly love on the part of the different Methodist denominations, and expresses the strong hope that the evident kindly feeling will lead to closer union and more general co-operation among all Methodist communities, as was desired and anticipated by the Œcumenical Conference of 1881; further, that this question be referred to the Connexional Committee for further consideration, that they may take such steps as may appear desirable."

Anyone who a year ago would have predicted that such advances would have soon been made toward union

would have been thought visionary. But these are days in which visions become glorious realities with a rapidity that in more slow-moving times would have been impossible. May God guide, to His honour and glory, a movement which to so many hearts seems an augury of the blessed time when the prayer of the Master for His disciples shall be fulfilled: "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; *that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.*"

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The Conference of the Parent Body is meeting in Manchester as these notes are being compiled. Rev. John Walton was elected President. He was formerly a missionary in Ceylon, more recently a missionary in South Africa, and President of the first Conference in that colony, and therefore has had a succession of honours such as fall only to the lot of few.

There are many indications of the prosperity of Methodism in England, but there is one humiliating fact which excites bitter regret: there is a decrease of 63 in the number of members, though in the junior classes there is an increase of 4,997, and an increase in the number of members on trial of 2,887; the total number of candidates for the ministry is 163.

The King of Dahomey has written to the Missionary Society, thanking them for sending to his country the Gospel of Christ which he and the sons of his people have joyfully accepted, and says that he has granted land to the Wesleyan Mission, on which he intends to build a church.

The need for a lay mission in China was mentioned publicly some two years ago, and three laymen of the Wesleyan Church are now at work in the Central China lay mission of that denomination. They are planning evangelistic tours and an industrial school at Hankow.

Mr. Champness has been compelled to say "no" to 200 applications for *Joyful News* evangelists. At least 300 such evangelists could be employed if the necessary funds were forthcoming. Mr. C. is appointing evangelists to labour specially among the model dwellings for artizans, which are "practically country villages translated to the great city."

Holiness Conventions have been recently held in central places in England. The services were varied, but all were systematically planned. Such ministers as Revs. E. E. Jenkins, H. P. Hughes, C. Garrett, T. Champness, L. E. Page, Jas. Chalmers, W. H. Tindall, J. C. Greeves and others, all of whom are known to be prominent advocates of holiness and successful evangelists, took part in the services.

The Wesleyan and other Methodist bodies in England observe the second Sabbath in November as Temperance Sunday, and thousands of pulpits on that day speak out in strong terms against the liquor traffic.

A special meeting of the Committees and Officers of Societies in London, taking part in Foreign Missions, was recently held in the Bible House, London, for united prayer and thanksgiving on behalf of Foreign Missions. Invitations were sent out to not less than forty societies, larger and smaller. The Earl of Harrowby presided.

It is intended to hold a General Conference on Foreign Missions in 1888. A preparatory committee, consisting of representatives from the principal Missionary Societies, has been appointed.

Irish Wesleyan Conference.

This Conference was held in Belfast, and was in session most of two weeks in June; 128 ministers and 118 laymen were present. The former held their session first. The Rev. Dr. Young and others were present from England. A daily *Advocate* was published, which contained full reports of the proceedings, and also of the sermons preached before the Conference. The Rev. Wesley Guard was appointed to represent Ireland at the next General Conference, to be held in New York in May, 1887.

Many of the Circuit reports were very gratifying. After filling up 500 vacancies occasioned by emigration, and 800 from various other causes, there was a net increase in the membership of 339. This increase is considered very satisfactory, considering the difficulties through which the country has been passing.

The Conference gratefully accepted Sir. W. McArthur's magnificent offer of $20,000 for the purpose of creating a fund of $50,000 to be applied to the education of ministers' daughters at the Methodist College, Belfast. The Conference resolved also to raise another $25,000 to aid Wesley College. The Queen's Jubilee Fund of $50,000 was started at a public meeting, and $8,500 was promised on the spot.

Methodist New Connexion Conference.

This Conference was held at Stockport, near Manchester. No Methodist Conference was ever held in this town before. The Mayor invited all the members of the Conference to a luncheon, and one of the aldermen tendered them a garden party. The Rev. J. Ketson Jackson was elected President. The Revs. J. Medicraft and H. Piggin retire from the "active work"; the former spent some years in Canada. Dr. Ward returns to circuit work after being seven years editor and book steward, and Dr. Watts, well known to many in Canada, ascends the tripod. Dr. Stacey and Mr. Hulme were not able to attend Conference. The ministers and other friends sent the former a cheque for $2,500 as a proof of their sympathy.

The Connexion is prospering; there is a net increase of 182 members. The China Mission has been a great success. Two mission stations in Australia are to be united to some other Methodist body. Four young ministers were ordained. Two missionaries are to be sent to China.

The discussion on Methodist Union occupied much time, and caused considerable acerbity. Leading ministers and laymen ably argued in defence of the positions they maintained. The amendments that were moved in opposition to Union were both voted down, and the resolution favouring Union as of Divine leading and influence was carried by a large majority.

Primitive Methodist Conference.

This annual assembly met at Scarborough, the Rev. Thos. Whitehead being chosen President. Archdeacon Blunt sent a letter to the President regretting that absence from home prevented him giving hospitality to some members of Conference. The Vicar of All Saints' invited the entire Conference, 200 ministers and laymen, to breakfast with him, and Lieut.-Col. Steble imitated the example of the Vicar also, and entertained the whole Conference at breakfast. This is something unusual and is practical fraternity. The membership of the Connexion is now 191,000; the increase for the year is only two. The reports presented respecting the various departments of the Church contain evidences of prosperity.

The Book Room has done a good business. The total issue of its publications exceeds two millions; the report states that the profits amount to $20,000, $17,000 of which was donated to funds for superannuated ministers. An orphanage is to be established, which is a bold enterprise. Fourteen ministers have died during the year, most of whom had been in the ministry forty years; twenty-four candidates for the minis-

try were accepted out of forty-three who appeared before the Board of Examiners.

The mission to Africa is isolated, and can only be sustained at great expense. Some propose to amalgamate it with some other Methodist Mission. The matter is to be considered by the Missionary Committee. Some of the Home Circuits are hard fields of labour; $5,000 was donated by the Conference to aid the brethren who had been stationed on those fields.

Fraternal deputations of the ministers of Scarborough visited the Conference; an address was also presented from the Society of Friends. The Conference sent a fraternal message to the Methodist New Connexion Conference.

There is a strong feeling in all branches of Methodism in England in favour of union. Even in Australia the unification of the various bodies is very popular. At a recent Bible Christian Conference in South Australia, a deputation from the Wesleyan Methodist Church was addressing the Conference amid great applause, when, by a happy coincidence, deputations arrived from the Primitive Methodist and the New Connexion bodies. Amid rounds of applause, the representatives of the four Methodist Churches arranged themselves on the platform. The enthusiasm became so great that one speaker, having announced in impassioned tones that general reunion "must come," proceeded forthwith to shake hands with everybody on the platform. The effect was electrical.

A later communication states that a joint committee, representative of the Primitive Methodists, Bible Christians, and Methodist New Connexionists of South Australia, have agreed unanimously upon a basis of Union between these three Churches. The basis adopted, which is practically the Methodist New Connexion polity, will be submitted to the Quarterly Meetings, and upon their verdicts the Conferences will act.

Newfoundland Conference.

This is the last Conference of the Methodist Church which we have to report. It was held at St. John's on the last week in June. General Superintendent Carman was present and preached twice on Sabbath. The Rev. Jacob Embree was elected President, and the Rev. W. Swan Secretary. The religious services, including a meeting for the promotion of holiness, were seasons of great spiritual power. The brethren in this Conference are placed in very trying circumstances, still they are very enterprising and labour zealously to spread scriptural holiness through the island. They have enlarged their Ministers' Children's Home, and erected a college building of four stories, with large halls and spacious class rooms; leaving a debt of $15,000. The noble women of St. John's held a bazaar, which netted $2,500, and Rev. Geo. J. Bond, ex-President, has been set apart to visit the United States and Canada to solicit subscriptions on behalf of the Educational Institution. We bespeak on his behalf a cordial reception. The increase of members in the three Maritime Conferences is 2,624. This is truly gratifying.

The French Conference.

The thirty-fourth Conference of the Wesleyan Methodists in France and Switzerland was held at Lausanne. Eighteen ministers were present at the pastoral session. It was resolved to reopen the Training Institution at Nimes. Among other public meetings held, one was in aid of the temperance and blue ribbon movement, which was characterized by great enthusiasm.

The Woman's Board of Missions has appropriated more than $66,000 for their missions in China, Brazil, Mexican Border and Indian Territory, for the current year.

There are now 2,000 auxiliaries with 47,000 members. Nine ladies have been accepted for missionary work, and will soon depart to their appointments abroad.

Half the students in the Biblical

Department of Vanderbilt University are willing to give themselves to foreign mission fields. Will the Church send them forth?

Rev. J. D. Barbee, D.D., of Tennessee Conference, has been appointed Book Agent in place of the deceased Dr. McFerrin.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The celebration of the centennial of Methodism in Brooklyn, New York, will begin November 6, and continue ten days.

It is estimated that upward of 20,000 people visited the Methodist Episcopal Home for the Aged in Philadelphia on June 9, that being its anniversary day.

Bishop William Taylor writes that he has been spending three months in Liberia visiting points on the Kroo Coast and on the Cavilla River "among neglected native tribes, as destitute of clothing and of the knowledge of God as the tribes I visited last year along the Congo for 330 miles inland. He has arranged for seventeen new stations, the chiefs giving land for mission and industrial purposes, and building residences for the missionaries. The chiefs want white men, and these the bishop will try to furnish by the close of the year.

Rev. J. H. Messmore is translating Bishop Hurst's Church History into Hindustanee. He has just completed and sent to the press two books of Rev. Mr. Jacobs'.

Chaplain McCabe says: "The Methodists of the United States in the past four years have built three churches every day, with 1,201 to spare, or within 259 of four per day. This is the net gain. Tell it at the next meeting of the Rum League! Tell it at the next Infidel Convention! And, more than that, tell all the people that united Protestantism is building new churches at the rate of ten per day.

ITEMS.

The writer congratulates his friend Rev. G. H. Cornish, Drayton, Ont., on receiving the honorary degree of LL.D. from Rutherford College, North Carolina. We also beg to call attention to his *Cylopedia of Methodism*, which deserves a place in the library of every minister in Canada.

The corner stone of the Trinity Methodist Church, Montreal, was laid in June last by Senator Ferrier. This venerable octogenarian has long been identified with Methodism in that city. He is the Nestor of Dominion Methodism. Trinity Church will be one of the most commanding church edifices in Montreal, and one of the most costly and spacious structures that Methodism can claim in the world. The cost will not be less than $250,000. The site is a central square, and cost $70,000. The General Conference of 1890 will be held in this new church.

The Methodists in Nova Scotia have for several years held a camp-meeting at Berwick. This year arrangements were made not only for a camp-meeting proper, but also special days were set apart for the Woman's Missionary Society, Association for the Promotion of Holiness, the Children and Temperance.

For years the Church Missionary Society has been without accurate statistics of the Native Maori Church, New Zealand, but at last Archdeacon Williams has secured fairly complete figures. They show that the baptized Maori Christians in North Island number 18,240. There are twenty-seven Maori clergy and 280 voluntary teachers, and the congregations last year gave no less than $7,350 to God's service.

During the past year general and extensive revivals have prevailed among the United Brethren churches, resulting in not less than 25,000 converts. The present membership is 185,103, indicating a net gain of 11,838 in its membership during the year. This is the largest growth of any single year of its history.

The Wesleyan Methodist work in Wales began in 1800 at the suggestion of the illustrious Dr. Coke, who was himself a Welshman. So extraordinary was the success, that in 1810 there were 40 ministers, 400 societies, upward of 6,000 members,

and 80 chapels. The British Conference owes Wales a heavy debt of compensation.

During the last 25 years, 20,000,000 Bibles and Testaments and portions of Scripture in 26 languages have been circulated in Great Britain and abroad from the Crystal Palace Bible stand in London by voluntary helpers.

All the Evangelical Churches of Europe and America during the past year contributed $10,371,000 for missions, which is an advance of $350,000 upon the preceding year.

The twenty-third annual meeting of the Evangelical Association of Canada was held April 14th, in Hamilton. Rev. Dr. Carman and Dr. W. J. Hunter attended as fraternal delegates from the General Conference of the Methodist Church. There are seventy-nine churches, seventy-three ministers, six thousand members, eighty-four Sunday-schools with six thousand scholars, and church property valued at $180,000. The missionary contributions amounted to $11,000, which is nearly $2 per member.

The Emperor of China has issued a proclamation granting full protection to all foreign missionaries in the empire.

Formosa is by no means an old mission field (twenty-two years), but it is getting ready to send missionaries to its heathen neighbours in the Pescadore Islands. The people have liberally responded to the appeals of the missionary. One man gave $50, a congregation of aborigines gave $8, and another $28. There are now thirty-eight churches, with two thousand two hundred and forty-seven members and two native ordained preachers.

Bishop Hare said recently in a sermon in New York that not long ago he camped by a little stream in Dakota, and his half-breed driver and a prowling wolf were the only living things he saw. Six months later he was at the same spot, but he was in an elegant Pullman car that had stopped at a thriving town of one thousand inhabitants, with paved streets, and stores with oranges and bananas displayed in front.

The Baptist *Missionary Diary* says there are three thousand converts in Cuba waiting to seize the opportunity to be immersed by night to evade the vigilance of the priests.

Two hundred churches in Glasgow are banded together in mission work. In one district in that city there are sixty-four churches, fifty-seven of which are in this work, furnishing one thousand eight hundred and eighteen Christian men and women who carry the Gospel to every home in that locality.

The Death-Roll.

June 7, the Rev. John Addyman died at Dewsbury, England, aged 78. He was the first missionary sent out by the Methodist New Connexion to Canada in 1841. His name in many places is still as ointment that is poured forth.

Dr. Mark Hopkins passed away in June. He was 85 years of age, and was probably known to more people than any other college president in America. He was a man of spotless character, and died at Williamstown, where for many years he had resided and was esteemed for the saintliness of his life. He preached constantly, in addition to his duties as College Professor. He had prepared a sermon on Luke xv. 10, but he did not preach it, as he was called to join the company of angels and saints in heaven.

Dr. Hitchcock also died about the same time as Dr. Hopkins. He was a native of Maine, and died in his 70th year. He acquired a high reputation as a preacher and theological teacher. He was connected with various seats of learning, and held the chairs of Natural Science and Church History, as well as Theology. His services were often called for, and his disease has called forth the oft-repeated saying, that "death loves a shining mark."

P.S.—As we finish these notes, news reaches us that the income of the Methodist Missionary Society is nearly $200,000, an increase of $12-000. In the death-roll of last month, p. 188, on the last line, second column, instead of 1885 please read 1855.

Book Notices.

Word Studies in the New Testament. By MARVIN VINCENT, D.D. Vol. I. Price $4. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

This work is a commentary rather than a grammar or lexicon, but no other regular commentary can render it unnecessary. It supplies to the reader the exact force of the important words in the Greek Testament, so that one who knows of the Greek only sufficient to read the words, can, with the aid of this book, form a correct idea of the hidden meaning of a passage, as well as the critical Greek scholar. It does a better work for the student of the Bible than the most perfect lexicon and grammar can do. Its aim is to restore to the reader much that is lost in the translation of the New Testament from Greek to English. There are many examples of such loss. For example, the word "net" is used as the translation of three Greek words wholly different in origin and form, and therefore in meaning, only agreeing in the one thing, that each describes an instrument used for catching fish. A new meaning and beauty must be found in these passages when once these Greek words are understood.

Take also the word "basket." It is used to translate two different Greek words, one of which means a hand basket, the other such a basket as that in which Paul was let down from the window at Damascus. Christ fed two multitudes, one of 5,000, the other of 4,000. In the former case twelve baskets of fragments remained, in the latter seven baskets. In our English versions the word is the same, but not in the Greek. The seven baskets full was a much greater amount than the twelve baskets full. But this does not appear from the English.

"Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile." There is nothing satisfactory in what the English word "compel" suggests. But the idea contained in the Greek word is that of a traveller impressed into the service of the Government for the carrying of important messages.

The book labours very successfully with the meanings of words, and will be of incalculable value to those who desire the real meaning of the word of God.

It has full indexes of the words in an English translation which are traced to the original, and of the Greek words explained; and also lists of the Greek words used exclusively by each New Testament writer. The present volume covers the first three Gospels, the book of the Acts, and the Epistles of Peter, James and Jude. There can be no question of the great value of such a work to the earnest student, and no other author has attempted the same work on a plan so comprehensive.

Faith vs. Knowledge. By REV. E. I. BADGLEY, B.D., LL.D.; and *Christ the Light of the World.* By REV. J. C. ANTLIFF, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs; C. W. Coates, Montreal; and S. F. Huestis, Halifax.

This is the tenth annual lecture and sermon before the Theological Union of Victoria University, 1887. The lecture is deserving of a place among its predecessors. Dr. Badgley has chosen an important theme for the subject of his lecture, and his mode of treatment is both learned and philosophical. The treatise displays extensive acquaintance with the productions of learned men who have studied this profound subject.

The sermon preached on the same occasion by Dr. Antliff is one of the best that we remember to have read. Its style is chaste, the theme is well chosen, the superiority of Christ, as the Light of the World, is set forth so clearly that believers may well rejoice, and sincere in-

quirers may be convinced that all who reject this "Light" must inevitably walk in darkness.

Robert Moffatt, the Missionary Hero of Kuruman. By D. J. DEANE. Toronto: S. R. Briggs, Willard Tract Society. Price 50 cents.

This is a neat little volume of 160 pages, with several wood-cuts. The well-known story of the brave South African missionary is again rehearsed. Of course it could not be otherwise but that the volume must be of the *multum in parvo* kind, as the author's intention was to compress the wonderful life of Dr. Moffatt in the smallest space possible. He has succeeded admirably, and his volume deserves a wide circulation. It is admirably adapted for Sunday-school libraries, and should be put into the hands of young people everywhere.

Katia. By COUNT LEON TOLSTOI. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Toronto: Williamson & Co. Price 50 cents.

This is a characteristic and favourable specimen of Tolstoi's method. The first part is a sweet idyll of domestic love and country life in Russia. The second part shows the hollowness and heartlessness of fashionable life in St. Petersburg, in corrupting a noble and generous nature, and causing domestic alienation and strife—

> "The little speck within the fruit,
> The little rift within the lute,
> Which, slowly widening, ruins all."

A gleam of sunlight is thrown over the sombre close of the story by the restoration of early confidence and love. The book gives evidence of a rare insight into the human heart, and skill in depicting its moods and emotions.

LITERARY NOTES.

Henri Taine's characterization of "Napoleon Bonaparte," in the March issue of *The New Princeton Review*, is an incisive and splendid piece of writing. Mr. E. L. Godkin shows the unsound premises and the unhealthy results of the American tariff system. "The Essentials of Eloquence" are possessed by few great preachers so completely as by the Rev. Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, who defines with masterly clearness its essential elements. Mr. Woodrow Wilson emphasizes the necessity of studying politics, not as an abstract science, but as a vital human activity. W. P. P. Longfellow outlines "The Course of American Architecture," and criticizes, in passing, its defects and extravagances. Mr. John Safford Fiske concludes his remarkably fresh criticism of "Victor Hugo." Strong local color and dramatic power characterize the Calabrian Sketch "Don Finimondone" contributed by E. Cavazza. Mr. Brander Matthews' trained hand and eye have made an extremely entertaining record of ocean travel. "Criticisms, Notes, and Reviews" discusses "The Land and Labor Party," Tennyson's latest poems, and "The Half Century of Victoria's Reign."

In *The New Princeton Review* for July, Mr. R. W. Gilder, the editor of the *Century Magazine*, emphasizes "Certain Tendencies in Current Literature," and interprets them as indications of the thirst for life and reality in art. Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin outlines the development of "American Art since the Centennial." "The Theory of Prohibition" is examined at length and in a thoroughly candid spirit by Mr. Sanford H. Cobb. Madame Blaze de Bury contributes a very fresh and interesting resumé of the "Recollections of the Duc de Broglie." Dr. Henry Van Dyke, jun., interprets Tennyson's well-known poem, "The Palace of Art." Prof. T. W. Hunt discusses the subject of "Literary Criticism" with vigour, insight and scholarship. Miss Hapgood gives Tolstoï at his best in "Sevastopol in May," a wonderfully virile and vivid piece of writing.

UNIVERSITY
MOUNT ALLISON,
LIBRARY.

THE HEART OF THE SELKIRKS.

View near Glacier House.